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WORLD-WORN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

I once had a town-full of friends,
And a heart full of trust,
I could look in man's faces and see
All things noble and just.
There were smiles wherever I turned,
On strangers' lips even,—
And the world seemed a glorious path
Reaching straight up to Heaven!

I planned out a great shining life,
And a Hero would be,
With a strong hand to sweep away wrong
In a pure victory.
I looked to all hearts to receive
The love that I sent,—
And so I went out in the world
With my lofty intent!

Years passed; now, alas, I stand here,
And the fires are all dead,
I could creep away gladly and hide
With dust on my head.
I cannot believe in the world
With the sweet olden trust,
And I find wherever I go
Men are hard and unjust.

I am tired of learning how smiles
Cover falseness beneath,
And the way the world clings to its wrongs
Is more bitter than death.
Who cares for the great things I meant,
Or a warm hand extends?
I am chilled by man's coldness and scorn,
I have lost all my friends!

Yet still the green fields are the same,
With the sunshine and dew,—
And I love the grand sweep of the hills,
Unchanging and true.
Oh, would I could flee from the world
And its cold careless stare,
To win a new life from the trees
And the pure woodland air.

But a Hero must fight to the last,
And it may be in Heaven
God accepts my great dreams since I tried
To make deeds with dreams even.
God is great, and the world is His charge,
Through scorn and through pain,
He'can lead us with palms in our hands;
I have not lived in vain!

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

By the Author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," "The Channings," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

A PROSPECT FOR GEORGE.

You might scarcely have thought, to look at the assemblage in the drawing-room at Trevlyn Farm, that they had collected on the occasion of laying its master in the grave. Mrs. Ryle sat, equably composed; Nora was in and out, as on ordinary days appearing scarcely at ease in her crape and bombazine; George and Trevlyn, now seated together, exchanged occasional words in a whisper; and the four gentlemen sat on the opposite side of the fire to Mrs. Ryle, three of them smoking long, church-warden pipes. On a small, round table in their vicinity was the silver tankard just bequeathed to Trevlyn. The Ryle arms were on it, "T. R." underneath the shield. It was full of ale, and each of the gentlemen sipped it in turn. But it must not be supposed that the solemnity of the day was lost sight of; the pipes and ale were deemed necessary accessories to these sad meetings, and no hospitality could have held up its head in Barbrook, had it not introduced them.

There is an etiquette, or usage, I say, with regard to these things in many parts of this country. Mr. Chattaway would, no doubt, have preferred to depart, but the smoking a pipe by the returned mourners is looked upon as a sort of requisite sociability, an earnest of good fellowship, and Mr. Chattaway did not see fit to decline it. He could not plead the habit of non-smoking, as the surgeon could.

"What shall you do with the boys, Mrs. Ryle?" suddenly asked Farmer Apperley.

"Trevy, of course, will go to school as usual," she replied. "George—I have not decided about George."

"Shall I have to leave school?" cried George, looking up with a start.

"Of course, you will," said Mrs. Ryle.

"But what will become of my Latin; of my studies altogether?" returned George, in a tone of dismay. "You know, mamma, I—"

"It cannot be helped, George," she interrupted, speaking in the uncompromisingly decisive manner, so characteristic of her; as of her sister, Miss Diana Trevlyn. "You must turn your attention to something more profitable than schooling, now."

"If a boy at fifteen has not had schooling enough, I'd like to know when he has had it?" interposed Farmer Apperley, who neither understood nor approved of the strides which education and intellect had made since the time when he was a boy. Very substantial people in his day had been content to learn to read, and write, and cipher, and to deem that amount of learning sufficient to grow rich upon. As the Dutch professor did to whom George Primrose wished to teach Greek, but who declined the offer. He had never learned Greek; he had lived, and ate, and slept without Greek; and therefore he did not see any good in Greek. Thus it was with Farmer Apperley.

"What do you learn at school, George?" questioned Mr. Berkeley.

"Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and—"

"But, George, were will be the good of such things to you?" cried Farmer Apperley, not allowing him to finish the catalogue. "Latin, and Greek, and mathematics! that is fine, that is!"

"I don't see much good in giving a boy that a yle of education, myself," put in Mr. Chattaway, before anyone else had time to speak. "Unless he is to be put to a profession, the classics only lie fallow in the memory. I hated them, I know that; I and my brother, too. Many and many a caning we have had over our Latin, until we wished the dratted books at the bottom of the sea. Twelve months after we left school we could not have construed a page, had it been put before us. That's all the good the learning Latin did for us."

"I shall keep up my Latin and Greek," observed George, very independently, "although I may have to leave school."

"Why need you keep it up?" asked Mr. Chattaway, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

"Why?" echoed George. "I like it, for one thing. And a knowledge of the classics is necessary to a gentleman, now-a-days."

"Necessary to what?" cried Mr. Chattaway.

"To a gentleman," repeated George.

"Oh," said Mr. Chattaway. "Do you think of being one?"

"Yes, I do," replied George, in a tone as decisive as any ever used by his stepmother.

This bold assertion nearly took away the breath of Farmer Apperley. Had George Ryle announced his intention to become a Botany Bay convict, Mr. Apperley's consternation had been scarcely less. The same word will bear different constructions to different minds. That of "gentleman" in the mouth of George, could only bear one to the plain and simple farmer.

"Hey, lad! What wild notions have ye been getting in your head?" he asked.

"George," spoke Mrs. Ryle almost at the same moment, "are you going to give me trouble at the very onset? There is nothing for you to look forward to, but work. Your father said it."

"Of course, I look forward to work, mamma," returned George, as cheerfully as he could speak that sad afternoon. "But that will not prevent my being a gentleman."

"George, I fancy you may be somewhat misusing terms," remarked the surgeon, who was an old inhabitant of that rustic district, and a little more advanced in notions than the rest. "What you meant to say was, that you would be a good, and honorable, and upright man; not a mean one. Was it not?"

"Yes," said George, after an imperceptible hesitation. "Something of that."

"The boy did not express himself clearly, you see," said Mr. King, looking round on the rest. "He means right."

"Don't you ever talk about being a gentleman again, my lad," cried Farmer Apperley, with a sagacious nod. "It would make the neighbors think you were going on for bad ways. A gentleman is one who follows the hounds in white smalls and a scarlet coat, and goes to dinners and drinks wine, and never puts his hands to anything, but leads an idle life."

"That is not the sort of gentleman I meant," said George.

"It is to be hoped it's not," emphatically replied the farmer. "A man may do this if he has got a good fat banker's book, George, but not else. You know Farmer Willis, of the Grove?"

"To be sure I do," replied George.

"Well, his eldest son thought he'd put up for a gentleman. It was when you were in petticoats, my boy, so you can't remember much about it. He turned up his nose at farming and at everything else respectable, did young Ben Willis, and at last his father put him to a lawyer at Barmester, *to be a* gentleman, as Ben harped upon. A sight of money it cost: the stamp alone took a hundred and twenty pounds. A hundred and twenty pounds in good hard cash!" repeated Mr. Apperley, lifting his pipe and holding it extended, to give force to the words. "Ben thought he was a gentleman then, and Ben began at gentlemen's work. He got a scarlet coat, *he* did; and he got a hunter, and he was to be seen at public dinners, and in the boxes at the play, and in the billiard-rooms—as Barmester can remember to this day. It wasn't over much that his office had of him, and people thought there was blame on the lawyer's part. The worst was, that those fine pastimes were not had for nothing. Ben got 'em upon tick; and when the time came for payment, he paid in promises and bills—which is a sort of coin that don't answer. He was not a gentleman long, George. He was clapped into an ugly building that's called a jail, with a great big debt upon him. His father bought him out of it; paid the money for him—I wouldn't if it had been my son—and Ben was at large again. Not a week had he been out—are you minding me, George?—when he was taken upon another big debt, and clapped into the same place; and before he got out this time other big debts came down upon him, and it was found there was no end to 'em. He took the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and that about finished him, for he did no good after it. Trouble and trouble, and scampish doings, and wickedness; until at last Ben had to cut off to some distant part, for Barmester got too hot for him; and where he is now nobody knows. And all the money and the hundred and twenty pound stamp was lost; wasted; old Willis might just as well have chucked it down the gutter. That's what comes of setting up for a gentleman."

George made no answering remark. To have explained how very different his notions of a gentleman were from those of Farmer Apperley's, might have involved him in a long conversation. His silence was looked suspiciously upon by Mr. Chattaway.

"Where idle and roving notions are taken up, there's only one cure for them!" he remarked, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak. "And that is hard work."

But that George's spirit was subdued, he might have hotly answered that he had taken up neither idle nor roving notions. As it was, he sat in silence.

"I doubt whether it will be prudent to keep George at home," said Mrs. Ryle, speaking generally, not to Mr. Chattaway. "He is too young to do much good upon the farm. And there's John Pinder."

"John Pinder would do his best, no doubt," said Mr. Chattaway.

"The question is—if I do resolve to put George out, what can I put him to?" resumed Mrs. Ryle.

"Pups thought it best that I should stay on the farm," interposed George, his heart beating a shade quicker.

"He thought it best that I should exercise my own judgment in the matter," corrected Mrs. Ryle. "The worst is, in placing a lad out, it takes money," she added, looking at Farmer Apperley.

"It does that," replied the farmer.

"There's nothing like a trade for boys," said Mr. Chattaway, impressively. "They learn to get a good living, and they are kept out of mischief. It appears to me that Mrs. Ryle will have enough expense upon her hands, without the cost and keep of George being added to it. What service can such a boy as he is be of upon the farm?"

"True," mused Mrs. Ryle, agreeing for once with Mr. Chattaway. "He could not be of much at present. But the cost of placing him out?"

"Of course he could not," repeated Mr. Chattaway, with an eagerness which might have betrayed his motive to suspicion, but that he coughed it down. "Perhaps I may be able to manage the putting him out for you, without cost. I know of an eligible place where there's a vacancy. The trade is a good one, too."

"I am not going to any trade," spoke George, looking Mr. Chattaway full in the face.

"You are going where Mrs. Ryle thinks fit that you shall go," returned Mr. Chattaway, in a hard, cold tone. "If I can get you into the establishment of Wall and Barns without premium, it will be a first-rate thing for you. There's no business going, more profitable than a linendraper's. All the blood in George Ryle's body seemed to rush to his face. Poor though they had become in point of money, trade had been unknown in their family, and its sound in George's ears, as applied to himself, was something terrible. "That is a retail shop!" he cried, rising from his seat in a commotion.

"Well?" said Mr. Chattaway.

They remained looking at each other. George with his changing face, flushing to crimson, fading to paleness with emotion, and Mr. Chattaway with his composed leaden one. His light eyes were sternly directed to George, but he did not take his pipe from his lips.

"You should never force me there, Mr. Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway rose from his seat, took George by the shoulder, and turned him towards the window. The view did not overlook much of the road to Barbrook, the lower road; but a glimpse of it might be caught sight of here and there, winding along in the distance.

"Boy! do you remember what was carried down that road this afternoon—what you followed next to, with your younger brother? He said that you were not to vex your mother, but to obey her in all things. These are early moments to begin to turn against your father's dying charge."

George sat down, his brain throbbing, his heart bursting. He did not see his duty very distinctly before him then. His father certainly had charged him to obey his mother's bequests; he had left him entirely subject to her control; but George felt perfectly sure that his father would never have placed him in a retail shop; would not have allowed him to enter one.

Mr. Chattaway continued talking, but the boy heard him not. He was bending towards Mrs. Ryle, enlarging upon the advantages of the plan in persuasive language. He knew that Wall and Barnes had taken a boy into their house without premium, he said, and he believed he could induce them to waive it in George's case. He and Wall had been at school together; had passed many an impatient hour over the Latin, previously spoken of; and he often called in to have a chat with him in passing. Wall was a ten thousand pound man now; and George might become the same in time.

"How would you like to place Christopher at it, Mr. Chattaway?" asked George, his breast heaving.

"Christopher!" indignantly responded Mr. Chattaway. "Christopher's heir to Trev—— Christopher, isn't you," he concluded, cutting his first retort short. In the presence of Mrs. Ryle it might not be altogether prudent to allude to the hairship of Cris to Trevlyn Hold.

The sum named conciliated the ear of Mr. Apperley, otherwise he had not listened with any favor to the plan. "Ten thousand pounds! And Wall but a middle-aged man! That's worth thinking of, George."

"I could never live in a shop; the close air, the confinement, would stifle me," said George, with a sort of wail.

"You'd rather live in a thunder storm, with the rain coming down on your head in bucketfuls," said Mr. Chattaway, sarcastically.

"A great deal," said George.

Farmer Apperley did not detect the irony of Mr. Chattaway's remark, or the bitterness of the answer. "You'll say next, boy, that you'd rather go for a sailor, and be exposed to the weather night and day, perched midway atween sky and water!"

"So I would," was George's truthful answer. "Mamma! let me stay at the farm!" he cried, the nervous motion of his hands, the strained countenance, proving how momentous was the question to his grieved heart. "You do not know how useful I should soon become! And papa wished it."

Mrs. Ryle shook her head. "You are too young, George, to be of use. No."

George seemed to turn white; face, and heart, and all. He was approaching Mrs. Ryle with an imploring gesture; but Mr. Chattaway caught his arm and pushed him to his seat again. "George, if I were you, I would not, on this day, cross my mother."

George glanced at her. Not a shade of love, of relenting was there on her countenance. Cold, haughty, self willed, it always was; but more cold, more haughty, more self-willed than usual now. He turned and left the room, his heart bursting.

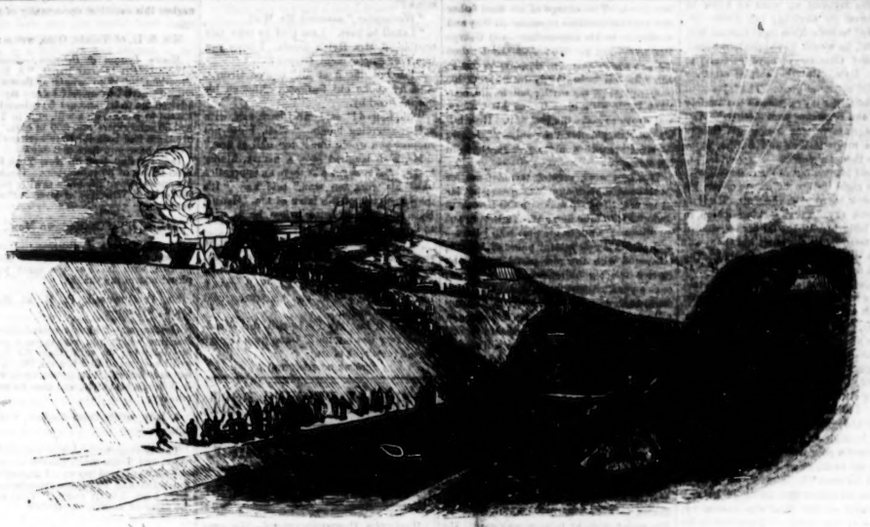
Crossing the front kitchen, where an elaborate tea was set out, ready against the drawing-room should ring for it, George entered the parlor, whence but two hours before his father had been carried. "Oh, papa! papa! if you were but back again!" he sobbed, in his bitter grief, the hot tears raining from his eyes as he hid his face on the sofa. "I have no one to care for me now; no father, no friend!"

Yes you have, George. There is One who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless.

CHAPTER XI.

INCIPIENT REBELLION.

Borne down by the powers above him, George Ryle could only succumb to their will. Persuaded by the eloquence of Mr. Chattaway, Mrs. Ryle became convinced that the placing out of George in the establishment of Wall and Barnes was the most appropriate thing that could be found for him, the most promising. The great wonder was, that she should have brought herself to listen to Chattaway at all, or have entertained for a moment any proposal emanating from him. There could have been but one solution to the riddle; that of her own anxiety to get George settled in something away from home. Down deep in the heart of Mrs. Ryle there was seated a deep sense of injury—of injustice—of wrong.



SHIP-CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

[See Article on Fourth Page.]

It had been rested there ever since the death of Squire Treviyn, influencing her actions, warping her temper—the question of the heirship of Treviyn Hall to Chattaway; and Chattaway's son was now the heir; whereas, in her opinion, it was her son, Treviyn Ryle, who should be now occupying that desirable distinction. How Mrs. Ryle reconciled it to her conscience to ignore the claims of young Rupert Treviyn, she best knew.

She did ignore them. She cast no more thought to Rupert in connection with the succession to Treviyn than if he had not been in existence. He had been barred from it by the squire's will, and there it ended. But, failing heirs of her two dead brothers, it was *her* son who should have come in. Was she not the eldest daughter? What right had that worm, Chattaway, to have insinuated himself into the home of the squire; into—is may be said—his heart; and so willed over to himself the inheritance?

A bitter fact to Mrs. Ryle; a fact which rankled in her heart by night and by day; a turning from the path of justice which she firmly intended to see turned back again. She saw not how it was to be accomplished; she knew not by what means it could be brought about; she divined not yet how she should help in it; but she was fully determined that it should be Treviyn Ryle eventually to possess Treviyn Hold. Never Cris Chattaway.

A determination immutable as the rock; a purpose in the fartherance of which she never swerved nor faltered; there it lay in the archives of her most secret thoughts, a part and parcel of herself, not the less nourished because never spoken of. It may be, that in the death of her husband she saw her way to the end somewhat more clearly; that his removal was but one impediment taken from the path. She had never given utterance to her ambitious hopes for Treviyn but once; and that had been to her husband. His reception of them was a warning to her never to speak of them again to him. No son of his, he said, should inherit Treviyn Hold while the children of Joseph Treviyn lived. If Chattaway chose to wrest their rights from them, to make his son Cris the usurper after him, he, Mr. Ryle, could not hinder it; but his own boy Treve should never take act or part in so crying a wrong. So long as Rupert and Maude Treviyn lived, he could never recognize other rights than theirs. From that time forward Mrs. Ryle held her tongue to her husband, as she had done to all else; but the roots of the project grew deeper and deeper in her heart, overspreading all its healthy fibres.

With this great destiny in view for Treve, it will readily be understood why she did not purpose bringing him up to any profession, or sending him out in the world. Her intention was, that Treve should live at home, as soon as his school-days were over; should be the master of Treviyn Farm, until he could become the master of Treviyn Hold. And for this reason, and this alone, she did not care to keep George with her. Treviyn Farm might be a living for one son; it would not be for two; neither would two masters on it answer, although they were brothers. It is true, a thought at times crossed her whether it might not be well, in the interests of the farm, to retain George. He would soon become useful; he would be trustworthy; her interests would be his; and she felt dubious about confiding all management to John Pinder. But three suggestions were overruled by the thought that it would not be desirable for George to acquire a footing on the farm as its master, and then to be turned from it when the time came for the mastership of Treve. As much for George's sake as for Treve's, she felt this; and she determined to place George at something away, where his interests and Treve's would not clash.

Wall and Barnes were flourishing and respectable tradesmen, silk-mercers and linen-drapers, their establishment a large one, the oldest and best conducted in Barmester. Had George Ryle been seeking such a calling in life, a more desirable opportunity of placing him could not well have been found. But George was not seeking such; had his father been alive, he would not be seeking such for him; he who was seeking it, was Mr. Chattaway.

What Mr. Chattaway's precise object could be, in wishing to get George away from home, he alone knew. That he had such an object, there could be no shadow of doubt; and Mrs. Ryle's usual clear-sightedness must have been just then obscured, not to perceive it. Had his own interests or pleasure not been in some way involved, Chattaway would have taken no more heed to what became of George, than he did of a clod of earth in that miserable field just rendered famous by the doings of the ill-conditioned bull. It was Chattaway who did it all. He negotiated with Wall and Barnes: he brought news of his success to Mrs. Ryle; he won over Farmer Apperley. Wall and Barnes had occasionally taken a youth without premium—the youth being expected to perform an unusual variety of work for the favor, to make himself conjointly into an apprentice and a servant in-general, to be at the beck and call of the establishment. Under those concessions, Wall and Barnes had been known to forego the usual premium; and this great boon was, through Mr. Chattaway, offered to George Ryle. Chattaway boasted of it; he enlarged upon his luck to George; and Mrs. Ryle—accepted it.

And George? Every pulse in his body counsel on in fiery indignation against the measure, every fibre of his heart rebelled at it. But, of opposition, he could make none: none that served him. Chattaway quietly put him down; Mrs. Ryle met all his remonstrances with the answer that she had decided; and Farmer Apperley labored to convince him that it was a slice of good fortune, which anybody (under the degree of a gentleman who rode to cover in a scarlet coat and white smalls) might jump at. Was not Wall, who had not yet reached his five-and-fortieth year, a ten thousand pound man? Turn where George would, there appeared to be no escape for him; no refuge. He must give up all the dreams of his life—not that the dreams had been of any particular color yet awhile—and become what his mind quite revolted at, what he knew he should never do anything but dislike bitterly. Had he been a less right-minded boy, less dutiful, he would have openly rebelled, have defied Chattaway; have declined to obey Mrs. Ryle. But that sort of rebellion George did not enter upon. The injunction of his dead father lay on him all too forcibly —"obey and reverence your mother." And so the agreement was made, and George Ryle was to go to Wall and Barnes, to be bound to them for years.

He stood leaning out of the casement window, the night before he was to enter; his aching brow bared to the cold air, cloudy as the autumn sky. Treve was fast asleep, in his own little bed in the far corner, shaded and sheltered by its curtains: but there was no such peaceful sleep for George. The thoughts to which he was giving vent were not altogether profitable ones; and certain questions which arose in his mind had been better left out of it.

"What *right* have they so to dispose of me?" he asked, alluding, it must be confessed, to the trio, Chattaway, Mrs. Ryle, and Mr. Apperley. "They *know* that if papa had lived, they'd not have dared to urge my being put to it. I wonder what it will end in? I wonder whether I shall have to be at it always? I wonder whether God can be looking down at them? It is not right to put a poor fellow to what he hates most of all in life, and what he'll hate for ever and for ever."

He was all alone; and he could breathe out a prayer to that dark sky, unseen by, unknown to the world. "Trust God in all things" had been a maxim so impressed upon his heart in his earliest years, that happily for him, he had acquired that simple, perfect trust—the best gift that is to be found in life. But this new project seemed, somehow, to have turned his trust and everything good about him upside down. Nobody interfered for him. Even God seemed to have forgotten him.

"I wish Wall and Barnes's was blown up!" broke from him in his despair, as he dashed away the tears which had gathered in his eyes, perhaps from his intense gaze at the low, gloomy line of land lying under the night sky, gloomy and desolate as he was. "I'd rather go for—"

A hot hand on his shoulder caused him to start and turn. There stood Nora.

"If I didn't say one of you boys was out of bed! What's this for, George? What are you doing? trying to catch your death at the open window?"

"As good catch my death, for all I see, as live in this world, now," was George's answer.

"As good be a young simpleton and confess to it," retorted Nora, angrily. "What's the matter, George?"

"Why should they force me to that place at Barmester?" cried George, following up his grieved thoughts, rather than replying to Nora's question. "I wish Chattaway had been a thousand miles away first? What business has he to interfere about me?"

"I wish I was Queen at odd moments, when work seems to be coming in seven ways at once, and only one pair of hands to do it," quoth Nora. "My mother used to say, George, that folks were most happy in the way of life in which it pleased God to place them—if they could only bring their minds to think it."

"But how do they know that it is God who places them?" debated George. "If Chattaway and the rest make me go into this thing, it is they who place me, not God. It is what I shall dislike above everything on earth."

"I'd not learn to talk heathenism, George, if I were you."

"Who is learning to talk it?" asked George. "Is it being a heathen to say you dislike a thing, if you do dislike it? I don't believe God ever meant us to embrace a calling we particularly dislike. It was He who gave us our likes and dislikes."

"He gave them us to subdue; to fight against. I took a liking for that handsome new blue silk gown Miss Treviyn wore at church a Sunday or two ago; but I can't go and steal it out of her press. Therefore I must subdue the liking."

George turned from Nora. The argument was not to the point, and he felt vexed at its frivolity.

"Look here, George," she said, speaking in a more serious tone. "Grieving is of no use, because there's no help for the measure. You know quite well that when Mrs. Ryle sets her will upon a thing, the whole world would not turn her from it."

"It is not her will—it is Chattaway's. She would never have thought of it but for him."

"At anyrate, she has decided upon it, and you are aware what that means with her. The only thing left for you, George, is to submit, and to make the best of it. Ask God to help you."

"I'd rather ask Him to help me to something I liked," replied bold George. And Nora felt uncommonly shocked.

"At anyrate, you can ask Him to make take for you; to do for you what He shall see will be *the best*," was Nora's answer.

Perhaps George had done that.

But no influence, Divine or human, intervened to stop George Ryle's entrance to the house of Wall and Barnes, and he took up his station in it; rebellious feelings choking his heart, rebellious words rising to his lips.

But he did his utmost to beat the rebellion down. The charge of his dead father was ever before him—to render all duty and obedience to his step-mother—and George was mindful of it. He felt as one crushed under a whole weight of despair; he felt as one who has been rudely thrust from his proper place on the earth; but he did constant battle with himself and his wrongs, and strove to make the best of it. How bitter the struggle none, save himself, knew; its remembrance would never die out from his memory.

The new work seemed terrible; not for its amount, though that was great; but for its nature. To help make up this parcel, to undo that; to take down these goods, to put up others. He ran to the post with letters—and that was a delightful phase of his life, compared with the rest of its phases—he carried out big bundles in brown paper; once a yard measure was added. He had to stand behind the counter, and roll and unroll goods, and measure tapes and ribbons, and bow and cringe to the customers, and say "sir" and "ma'am." You will readily conceive what all this was to a gentleman's son—and if Mr. Ryle had worked as hard on his own farm as any of his laborers, he was still a gentleman. George might have run away from it altogether, but that the image of that table in the sitting-room, and of him who lay upon it, was ever before him, whispering to him to shrink not from his duty.

Independent of his distaste to the business in more ways than one, George appeared to have a natural inaptitude for it. His movements at it were awkward. He was unable to roll and unroll the silks fit to be seen; he got into an inextricable maze when he attempted to measure; he could not enlarge upon the exquisite qualities of the goods, or entice customers to buy. A shocking server, the young men pronounced him; and George's private opinion was that he should still be a shocking one ten years to come. But he did his best; distasteful as the occupation was to him, he yet strove to throw his best energy into it.

Running hither, running thither, out in the sharp shower, tramping with his parcels through the muddy streets, called to in a dozen quarters at once when he came in, helping to put counters tidy, reducing piles of goods to order which the other shopmen had undone, dusting the counters, lowering blinds and raising them, serving at all his spare moments, the day would be got through somehow. Not a moment of idleness was allowed to George; however the shopmen might enjoy leisure intervals when customers ran slack, there was no interval of leisure for him. He was the new scapegoat of the establishment; often doing the work that of right did not belong to him. It was perfectly well known to the young men that he had entered as a working apprentice; one who was not to be particular what work he did, or its quantity, in consideration of his non-premium terms; and therefore he was not spared. He had taken his books with him, classics and others; he soon found that he might as well have left them at home. Not one minute in all the twenty-four hours could he devote to them; his hands were full of work until the last moment, up to bed-time; and no reading was permitted in the chambers. "Where is the use of my having gone to school at all?" he sometimes would ask himself. He would soon become as oblivious of Latin and Greek as Mr. Chattaway could wish; indeed his prospects of adding to his stock of learning were such as would have gladdened Farmer Apperley's heart.

One Saturday, when George had been there about three weeks, and when the day was drawing near for the indentures to be signed, binding him to the business for years, Mr. Chattaway rode up in the very costume that was the subject of Farmer Apperley's ire, when worn by those who ought not to afford to wear it. The hounds had met that day near Barmester, had found their fox, and been led a round-a-bout chase, the fox bringing them back to their starting point, and there resigning his brush. Mr. Chattaway, on his splashed but fine hunter, in his scarlet coat, white smalls and boots, splashed also, rode through Barmester on his return, and pulled up at the door of Wall and Barnes. Giving his horse to a street boy to hold, he entered the shop, whip in hand.

The scarlet coat, looming in unexpectedly, caused a flutter in the establishment. Saturday was market day, and the shop was an usually full. The customers looked round in admiration, the shopmen with envy; little chance, was there, thought those hard-worked, unambitious young men, that they should ever wear a scarlet coat and ride to cover on a blood hunter. Mr. Chattaway, of Treviyn Hall, was an object of consideration just then. He shook hands with Mr. Wall, who came forward from some remote region; he turned and shook hands condescendingly with George.

"And how does he suit?" blandly inquired Mr. Chattaway. "Can you make anything of him?"

"He does his best," was the reply of Mr. Wall. "Awkward at present; but we have had others who have been as awkward at first I think, and who have turned out valuable assistants in the long run. I am willing to take him."

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Chattaway. "I'll call in and tell Mrs. Ryle. Wednesday is the day he is to be bound, I think?"

"Wednesday," assented Mr. Wall.

"I shall be here. I am glad to take this trouble off Mrs. Ryle's hands. I hope you like your employment, George?"

"I do not like it at all," replied George. And he spoke out fearlessly, although his master stood by.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Chattaway, with a false-sounding laugh. "Well, I did not suppose you would like it too well at first."

Mr. Wall laughed also, a hearty, kindly laugh. "Never yet was there an apprentice liked his work too well," said he. "It's their first taste of the labor of life. George Ryle will like it better when he is used to it."

"I never shall," thought George. But he supposed it would not quite do to say so; neither would it answer any end. Mr. Chattaway shook hands with Mr. Wall, gave a nod to George, and he and his scarlet coat loomed out again.

"Will it last my life?—will this dreadful slavery last my life?" burst from George Ryle's rebellious heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE WAR.

During the last week we have had a great number of rumors relative to the progress of the war. We have had Vicksburg evacuated, Yazoo City taken, Charleston shelled, and various other rumors which are probably, to say the least, premature.

The rebels also have favored us with a report that the French have taken the city of Mexico, which possibly may be based upon a real success at Puebla—though we hope not.

A recent article in the Richmond Examiner seems to denote that active operations are being commenced by Gen. Hooker on the Rappahannock, and the tone of our Rebel contemporary is certainly rather despanding—which is well.

The recent raid of about two thousand of our cavalry across the Rappahannock, and their hand-to-hand sabre fight with an equal number of the rebel cavalry, seems to have convinced the latter that there has been quite an improvement in the Union horsemen. Averill drove back Stuart at all points, and Fitzhugh Lee was seen to fall from his saddle.

Financially things look well. The price of gold is falling, capitalists are investing again largely in the government loans, and a German house is said to have offered Mr. Chase a loan, on good terms, of one hundred millions of dollars.

Thus the spring campaign, in all respects, opens well. Our armies appear to be in fine condition, physically and morally, and our money affairs in good shape.

Now comes the very tug of the war. Let us hope that this year's campaign may bring us victory and peace—that before the winds of winter again howl through the Northern woods, the rebel armies may be defeated or scattered, and an opportunity given for the Union sentiment of the Southern states to establish once more the political harmony and fraternal concord of the Republic.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

We have recently received the following letters relative to our sewing machine premium. We trust that none of our subscribers who wish a first quality machine will neglect this excellent opportunity of getting one.

Mrs. S. L., of Toledo, Ohio, writes:—

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Seeing the advertisement in your paper, "A Splendid Premium," "Who wants a Sewing Machine?" says I to myself I do. My friends advised me to try and get 30 subscribers, so I went to work with a will, and in 2 days I had 30 subscribers and $60 in cash. If the premium had been for 50 subscribers I think I could have got them in 3 days.

Inclosed find draft on New York for $60. Also names of 30 subscribers. Please send me one of your premium sewing machines (Wheeler & Wilson's) at your earliest convenience.

Mrs. W. R., of Charlestown, Mass., writes:

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—I received the sewing machine all safe, and am much pleased with it. For the same you will please accept my thanks.

Mr. C. Olmstead, P. M. at Norwalk, Conn., writes:—

Gentlemen:—I have received the sewing machine which you sent me as a premium for obtaining 30 subscribers for the Post, and I assure you that it gives the most perfect satisfaction. It is gotten up in Wheeler & Wilson's best style, and does its work admirably.

A lady writes from Carlisle, Penna., as follows:—

The sewing machine has arrived in good order, and I am much pleased with it, and also much obliged to you. I expect to make it pay *almost* as well as government contracts when I get it fairly started. Enclosed find the name of another subscriber.

☞ From the extravagance of female attire now-a-days, the derivation of *cost-ume* seems to have been prophetic.

☞ For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered underaleeves, would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

☞ There is a genius on Lake Champlain who takes a pair of skates and writes a four months' bill on the ice with such perfection, that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it.

☞ When an Armenian prince, with his princess, had been taken captive by Cyrus, the former was asked what he would give to be restored to his kingdom and liberty; he replied: "As for my kingdom and liberty I value them not; but if my *blood* would redeem my princess I would cheerfully give it for her." When Cyrus had liberated them both, the princess was asked what she thought of Cyrus? To which she replied: "I did not *observe* him; my whole attention was fixed upon the generous man who would have purchased my *liberty* with his life."

☞ The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and is five hundred feet high, its weight being twelve thousand seven hundred and sixty millions of pounds. Herodotus states that, in constructing it, one hundred thousand men were constantly employed for twenty years. The materials of this pyramid could be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of about four hundred and eighty tons of coals.

☞ The following certificate of a marriage was found among an old lady's writings:

"This is to satisfy whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yursley were lawfully married, by me, John Higginson, on the first day of August, anno 1703.

"I, Arthur, on Monday,
Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse till Thursday;
I'll kiss thee on Friday;
If we don't agree on Saturday,
We'll part again on Sunday."

☞ Hartford's greatest son is no more. Thomas Jefferson Shelley, formerly of that city, died at New York on Thursday from suffocation, caused by excessive fat—500 pounds. He was once exhibited by Barnum, then travelled with Van Amburg, and latterly has been coach driver of the Astor House, New York.

☞ In the county of Spencer, Indiana, the total tobacco crop of the past year reaches over 600,000 lbs., one-half of which has been sold at an average of thirty-two dollars per hundred. At this rate the crop has put the snug little sum of $192,000 into the farmers' hands of Spencer county.

☞ Dr. Mosley observes, in his "Treatise on Coffee," that the great use of the article in France is supposed to have abated the prevalence of the gravel. In the French colonies, where coffee is more used than in the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel but the gout is scarcely known.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH for the U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

The women of the Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, appeal to the women of Philadelphia, and of the neighboring counties of adjoining States, for assistance in their new enterprise—not as to those who have been unmindful of our sick and wounded soldiers—but fully cognizant of the great benefits of the supplies which their industry has prepared and sent for distribution to various Aid Societies.

Our appeal is based upon the knowledge that this Commission is the only agency for doing this work that can say State or Local Agency—that out of the thousands of boxes distributed by them, but one has been lost—that their Agents are notified of the time of an army's advance, and permitted to transfer their stores to as near the front as possible—and that they are the only organization authorised by Government to pass within the lines, and administer their supplies on the field of battle for the saving of life and the relief of suffering, knowing no difference between men from any section who are nobly fighting for the preservation of the Union.

This work must be left undone if van Branch of the Commission supplied with the means of doing it. For this purpose, some of the women of Philadelphia have organized under the name of the "Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission," and we invite every loyal woman in the city and State and surrounding counties of other States, to co-operate with us.—A small amount of self-denial, or of exertion on the part of each, would insure to the Commission an exhaustless supply of these needed stores. There is no time to be lost. Let every county, every town organize and put themselves in communication with us without delay. We know not how many lives depend upon our exertions—how much suffering rests with us to relieve. Let us assume these duties solemnly, with the determination that while the war lasts, we will devote our energies to this sacred cause.

LIST OF ARTICLES NEEDED.

Flannel Shirts, ordinary size and make.
Flannel Drawers, "
Double Calico Wrappers.
Blankets and Quilts for single beds.
Cotton Shirts and Drawers.
Bed Sacks, 7 feet by 3 feet; slit in the middle, with strings.
Carpet Slippers, with stiff soles.
Woolen Sacks, Towels.
Handkerchiefs, made of old chints or lawn dresses.

Wines, Syrups and Jellies should be packed in separate boxes. Jellies should be covered with cloth, pasted over the mouth of the jar. Bottles should have the cork tied or sealed over. They should be packed in saw-dust, as firmly as possible. Every bottle should be labeled.

Each box should be marked on the outside with the name of the Society, Town and State from which it is sent. Boxes should be directed:

WOMEN'S PENN. BRANCH, U. S. SAN. COM.
1307 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

SEWING MACHINES IN LONDON.

The great number of shops in London devoted to the sale of the American invention sewing machines is a matter of astonishment. The one or two which first opened seemed for a time quite sufficient to supply a demand which had to be created and then encouraged. Now, the best premises in the leading thoroughfares are occupied in selling these instruments; and there were lately in Cheapside three shops in succession filled with this speciality, and other shops of the same kind near them.

Thirty years ago, Mr. Babbage, writing on manufactures, showed that looking-glasses must necessarily fall in price as time went on, because the production of them would lead to a constantly increasing accumulation of them in the world, the breakage of glasses not being very excessive, and the plates broken being readily cut into smaller glasses. The theory has proved itself to be wrong—the demand, or at least the power of sale, keeping up with the production, has not affected the price of silvered glasses; any reduction in price being due to economical methods of manufacture or the substitution of an inferior kind in the place of more expensive descriptions.

Thus it may prove with sewing machines. The world in general is now the market which each manufacturer has to supply, and nation after nation becomes a purchaser. It will be an advantage when the particular style of advertising common to sewing machine warehouses can be dispensed with—the highly-dressed young ladies sitting at their supposed work in elegant attitudes, framed and glazed within plate-glass windows almost extending to the pavement. A crowd of male admirers, not purchasers, clusters round the charming picture of domestic virtue, and one salesman with a higher appreciation than others of advertising effect, divided his premises on the dicesions principle. In one window were seen refined and interesting young gentlemen,—in the other, ornately fascinating females. Outside the effect was truly galvanic. The public instantly arranged itself like the oxygen and hydrogen at the two poles of a battery. The former window was obscured by a compression of crinolines; the other by a *queue* wearing hats. There was certainly in this case no occasion for the notice seen in many shop-fronts,—"You are requested to choose from the window."

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

SITTING UP.

The solid masonry of a handsome West-End mansion becomes transparent as plate-glass, and I see all that passes within. In a chamber on the second floor, furnished with curious simplicity, lies a gray-headed gentleman, evidently an old campaigner, sleeping heavily. He rests upon his old camp-bed, his old simple camp-furniture is around him, and his old sword hung in the place of honor above the mantelpiece. At ten o'clock his head was laid upon his hard pillow, and in five minutes he was in the land of dreams. He will be stirring at five in the morning, when he will light his lamp-stove and make his own coffee for breakfast. The clock has now just struck three, and some one is "sitting up." The watcher is a girl of about eighteen; she is not absolutely pretty, I think, at any time, but we see her to a great disadvantage now, for her eyes are red with weeping, and her hair is all loosened where she has laid her head upon her hands, and is twisted up and thrust away behind her ears in disorder. But you can see that the face is a loving and a gentle one. She wears a simple evening-dress, a spotted muslin, if I remember right, and holds a dark shawl tightly wrapped round her shoulders. (The gray morning is very chilly.) Lightly she trips down the silent stairs, and listens at the old man's door. His measured breathing shows her that he is still fast asleep, and with a sigh of relief she passes on. As she is about to descend farther, the opposite door opens, and a lady somewhat more advanced in life appears and asks,

"Is that you, Jessie?"

"Hush! yes."

"Has he come in yet?"

"No, dear, not yet."

"Is he often so late?"

"Oh, pray do not speak so loud. If papa were to hear!"

"My poor pet, how pale you look!" whispers the matron sister. "Go to bed, Jessie; I will sit up and let him in. Do you go to bed now, Jessie."

"No, no," she replies, hurriedly disengaging herself from the sisterly arms. "You would not understand him. He would miss me, and perhaps make a noise. He was but a child when you married, and you have been so long away. I *must* wait up. See, there's little Charley waking; for Heaven's sake, Marion, go back to your room and quiet him."

In an instant the young mother is at the side of her child, a blue-eyed, curly-pated boy of some three years old, the image of his absent sailor father. Little Charley is sitting up in his cot, frightened at waking and finding himself alone, and is making up his mind and his face for a cry.

"Mammie is with you, darling; mammie is here. Don't cry, dearie," whispers Marion, "or you will wake grandpapa."

"Charley wants 'oo come to bye bye 'oorself," says the child, in a sleepy voice; "why don't 'oo come to bye-bye, mammie? Is Uncle Will naughty again to-night?"

His mother, dashing away her tears, kisses him eagerly; and, sinking upon her knees beside the cot, cries in a voice half-stifled with sobs,

"Oh, Charley, Charley! mother's blessing! mother's pride! pray to God, dear, with poor mother, that if He will spare you to be a man, you may not break poor mammie's heart."

Meanwhile Jessie has passed down into the hall; has drawn noiselessly the bolts of the street door; has undone the chain; has hitched back the catch of the lock; and stands leaning her aching temples against the cold wall, gazing anxiously through the narrow porch-window up the deserted street, watching for a profligate brother's return.

He is only just twenty-two; has a pleasant home and a good allowance. He makes a mere caravanserai of the one, and squanders a quarter's instalment of the other in a fortnight. Twice has his father had to withdraw a considerable sum from what should be Jessie's dowry to pay the spendthrift's debts; and the old soldier has sworn a round oath that not another shilling shall he have to save him from a gaol. When the last payment was made, he had nearly seen the interior of one, and was very penitent, declaring that, if extricated only this once, he would give up for ever and a day those disreputable haunts where his wild oats had been sown; would live within his means, and never, never, never be out of the house later than twelve o'clock at night.

Why, then, is Jessie "sitting up," and what has become of her pretty bracelets?

Ah, me! Providence never creates a scamp without providing a gentle, loving woman to worship him, and to be trampled upon in return.

Where is Jessie's brother now? Shall we follow him into the society he prefers to that of his home? I think not. Enough be it to say that he is "having his fling" in one of Satan's anterooms situated near the Haymarket, pouring out libations of sparkling Moselle upon the shrine of the most highly-decorated Thais of modern times.

Presently Jessie's brother will reel homeward. She will see him afar off, and have the door open when he staggers up; will take off his muddy boots with her delicate hands; will lead him to bed, and watch by him till he is deep in drunken slumber. Then she may go to rest herself, and there will be no more "sitting up" for her till to-morrow night.

ANOTHER.

He has chambers in the Albany, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a yacht at Southampton. His age is thirty-one; he has twelve thousand a year, and—something else. He has had half-a-dozen jolly fellows to supper to-night, and there has been some playing at loo and other diversions at his expense. The last of his guests has departed now, and he is "sitting up." Why? He has no work to do; he has no one to wait for. It is half-past two o'clock. There, in the next room, is his luxurious bed. Why does he not seek it? Simply because, if he went to bed, he might fall asleep, and then—ugh! the ugly dreams. Look at him in the daytime, hanging about his club or prancing in Rotten Row, and you would think there was not a happier young fellow upon town. His face is a little red and blosted, to be sure; but what of that? At night, when surrounded by friends, or in some place of amusement or public resort, he is apparently an enviable person; but at home, alone with his valet, he would shriek, or perhaps fall into a fit, if he were for a moment left *quite* alone. He is a wretch who would gladly change places with the meanest beggar in the streets. The "something else" that he has got besides twelve thousand a year, is *delirium tremens*. So, when the guests have all left, and his valet proceeds to fasten the outer door, this miserable creature whimpers after him like a frightened child, and follows him into the passage holding him by the coat, begging and praying that he will not leave him, swearing, and abusing, and bribing him never to go out of sight, and not to let *them* come in to-night. Then he will sit down by the fire, and moan and cry, and curse his patient servant for letting the snakes get upon the table, until at last he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion, and is carried off to bed. Not a pleasant picture this "sitting up." It will not last long.

ANOTHER.

The new streets are as quiet as the grave, not even a policeman stirring. In all this long row of neat little villas, that stand two and two in patches of gardens, each trying to look as though the other belonged to it, I can see but one window that is lighted up. Quick, Asmodeus! strip me off the front of this house, that I may search it for "sitters-up." No great labor is before me, for it is only a size or two larger than a spacious doll's "house." There is a miniature garden, which leads to a miniature porch, through which you pass into a miniature hall, out of which you turn into a miniature parlor, which would be the smallest in the world if it did not lead through folding doors into one smaller still. Each apartment has its miniature white-marble mantlepiece, and the front one looks out through a miniature bow-window, shaded with miniature Venetian blinds, into the miniature garden. At the end of the passage is a miniature kitchen, and above are three miniature bedrooms and a doll's cupboard, which under a powerful lens would look what it is called, a "dressing-room." The carpets are all new, and so is the sideboard in the front parlor; but the looking-glass over the mantelpiece and some of the chairs are of the straight up-and-down patterns that one never sees now-a days except in second-rate brokers' shops and old posting hotels that the railways have driven into a state of cretinism. Small as they are, the rooms strike you as looking bare. There are no ornaments; all the furniture is for use, and wonderfully neat and spotless it is. Let me try and read the history of this house and its "sitters-up" before they speak. One is an old lady with a widow's cap and a mourning dress; the other—there are but two—is a young lady, evidently her daughter. The former has been reading Blair's Sermons, and the book is lying in her lap with her hands folded over it, whilst she gazes into the fire. The latter has been busy working little pieces of linen and cambric and lace and very fine flannel into strange shapes; making little caps and frocks and warm'garments, perhaps for the doll to whom the house belongs, or who will take possession shortly. But her work has fallen unheeded to the ground, and leaning her head upon her hand she has given herself up to meditations which cast the shadow of pain over her pretty face. Poor young thing, not yet nineteen, a wife, and soon to be a mother! Will the shadow deepen as the night goes on? There is a tray covered up carefully with a coarse but snowy cloth upon the sideboard, and over it the portrait of a gentleman dressed in the costume of 1810. A handsome, dashing-looking fellow he must have been in his prime—too dashing, I am afraid; for I fancy that I can see in the few pieces of handsome but old-fashioned furniture, that look so unwieldy in the little room, the fragments of a wreck. The homely repast in the tray is not spread for him. The rusty black crape and the widow's cap are, I am sure, worn in his memory. They are "sitting up" for some one else. There is a look of carelessness and irresolution in the handsome face. I can imagine such things as life-insurance suffered to drop, and evil days put off, till one most evil came and found the widow and the orphan thrown penniless upon the world.

The striking of the cheap French clock rouses the old lady from a doze.

"Two o'clock!" she exclaims, throwing up her hands. "Well, if it is not scandalous, Bessie, keeping you up in this way—in your condition too! Oh, men are always selfish!" and the old lady shakes her head pettishly.

"Dear mother," replies Bessie, in a tone which implies there is no novelty in the complaint, "you know he cannot help it. Besides, he does not wish me to sit up."

"Then why do you?"

"Oh, I like to give him his supper, poor dear, after his hard night's work."

"Night's work!" retorts the old lady, "that's just it; why can't he work in the day time, like a Christian?"

"I think I have told you before, mamma," replies Bessie very quietly, "that it is the duty of a sub-editor to see the paper 'put to bed,' as they call it; and this cannot be done till the very last moment, in order that the very latest news may be printed.

"Then why is John a sub-editor?" is the querulous demand. "Your poor father could not abide editors. If your husband *must* write, why can't he be a secretary to some nobleman, or go into the Treasury—there are some very gentlemanly appointments, I hear, in the Treasury." She speaks as though he had only to walk in at the door and ask for five hundred a year!

"John has no interest, dear," replies Bessie, taking up her work again. "We have reason to be very thankful that he has his present engagement. There are so many clever men about now; none so clever as he is, though," the young wife adds; and a flash of pride lights up her eye, though a tear has only just fallen from her cheek upon the little lace cap that her busy fingers are shaping.

"Then," says the old lady, coming again to the charge, "why don't he *do* something clever? If he must write, why don't he write some book that will make his fortune, like the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Johnson's Dictionary*, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or—or—"

A rattle in the lock of the outer door puts an abrupt check to those valuable suggestions, and in a moment John—the bread-winner—is in his wife's arms. Do you know the look of a man who has done a hard day's work and is pleased with it? Well, John has that look. His shirt is tumbled, his hands are grimy with dust and ink, his light curly hair is in wild disorder; but there is no mistaking him for other than a thorough gentleman and an honest and loving man. Nimble fingers wisk away the snowy cloth from over the tray, and lo! there is disclosed a prime little piece of cold stewed beef, a crusty loaf, a saucerfull of walnut-pickles, and a bottle of bitter beer—a supper for an Emperor, provided he is hungry and has a good digestion. Bessie is here, and there, and everywhere, all at once. She is taking off John's coat; she is putting on his slippers; she is opening his bottle of beer; she is filling his plate with good things; she is kissing him. When he is well settled down to his repast, she goes over to the old lady and kisses her; and the old lady tries to look stern, and fails miserably. It is a very pleasant scene. I see no wreck now. I see the good ship Perseverance beating up against wind and tide to weather Cape Independence. Every sail is set, all lumber is cleared away, and John Prince is at the helm. *Bon voyage*, John Prince! The breakers that lay ahead a few hours ago are away yonder upon your quarter, far to leeward; and the white foam dashes madly over their jagged heads as your gallant bark speeds onwards.

There is an expression upon John's face that I cannot quite make out. He chuckles slyly to himself now and then, and looks a look over at his mother-in-law, as she sits dosing by the fire, which says as plainly as these types could render it: "You are a very nice old lady; but two's company, and three's none."

Perhaps the old lady sees that John has something for his wife's ear; at anyrate she lights her candle and wishes them good-night, declaring—not for the first time—that he ought to be ashamed of himself for keeping such profligate hours. Whereat John, who has risen and opened the door for her, throws his arm round the place where once was her waist, and kisses her violently, to her intense astonishment.

When she has gone, he returns to the fireside and placing his two hands on Bessie's shoulders, gazes steadfastly into her great honest eyes. Then he draws her towards him, and lays her head upon his bosom, and softly and tenderly caresses it—there—as though she had been a hurt child, and he was soothing her to forget the pain.

"I have been working very hard for these last three weeks, Bessie."

"You have indeed, dearie."

"And have kept you up very late on Friday nights."

"Not very late, dear," she murmurs, creeping closer into his arms.

"Mr. Clancey is no better."

"Oh, dear; then you'll have more hard work. When will he come back?"

"Never, Bessie."

"Is he dead?" she asked, with a start.

"No; that is to say, not as you mean. He has got brain disease; and the doctors say he must travel abroad, and not write or read a line for three years. Poor Clancey is dead to literature, Bessie, and the *Excelsior* must look out for a new editor."

There is a great flutter in the heart that beats against his own; the gentle arms that are around him tremble.

"Oh, John," she murmurs, "after all you've done—could not you—would it be right for—oh, I don't know, but—might there not be a chance, a little chance, John, of—of—"

"Of what, my pet?"

"Of your becoming—of your—oh, you know what I mean. If you were not so proud, and would ask, after all that you have done—"

"You would have me ask to be made editor of the *Excelsior*, Bessie?"

"Not for my sake, dear," she replies quickly, "but for the chil— Oh, John, John!" and she hid her face and wept.

"Bessie," he says firmly, "I will never ask for this."

Then she looked him in the face, gave a long deep sigh, and wiping away her tears kissed him on the forehead, saying—nothing.

"I will not ask for this," he repeats, pressing her with exultation to his heart. "It is mine without asking. It was offered me this night, in the handsomest manner. I am a made man, Bessie. My salary is more than trebled from this day. No more want, no more care, true wife: no more—"

FILTH AND HEALTH.

The filthiest people in semi-civilised creation are the fishermen of the Ferroe Islands, and yet they live longer, on an average, than any people of the globe, their death-rate being only twelve out of a thousand, of all ages, in one year; in New York City it has been reported over thirty in a thousand annually. Several years ago Dr. McFarlane, of New Orleans, proved by statistics that the filthiest portion of that city, the swamp in the rear, was the last to be attacked with yellow fever, and that it abated there as soon as any where else; he concluded, therefore, that living in water, mud and filth, where alligators, dogs, cats, mice and men were in a state of putrefaction, was a preventive of yellow fever, cholera, diarrhea, etc. And yet the common sense of every man teaches him that pure air and personal cleanliness in tidy habitations must be promotive of health in all ages and in all climes. Much of the error in morals and physics arises from confounding facts and principles with inferences and deductions. A fact is one thing, an inference is another, and often quite distinct. It is a fact that a man who had a chance of stealing a thousand dollars did not do it, but the inference that therefore he is perfectly honest is not legitimate, for, ten to one, the reason he did not do it was because he was not perfectly sure of not being found out. Many a fellow's repentance begins, not with the commission of the sin, but on the instant of his being found to have been a sinner. We must look at whole facts to become truly wise. Yellow fever and other miasmetic diseases cease among the people living in the swamps in the rear of New Orleans as soon as anywhere else, simply because hard frosts put an end to it everywhere; and we know, by having lived on the spot for many years, that it appears in the swamps sooner or later in the season, not according as the people are more or less dirty, but according to the time at which the bottom of the swamp becomes exposed to a hot sun by the previous evaporation of the water which covered it. If there are many heavy rains during the summer or autumn, or a cold summer, or a late subsidence of the Mississippi, or frequent and long "blows" from the lake inland, there will be no epidemic in the "swamp," however severe it may be in the city. The filthy Ferroe Islanders live long, not because their housekeeping is indescribably filthy, but because during the entire summer their homes are abandoned for the fisheries on the sea; and when they return it is so cold that everything is frozen up, and there is no decomposition of filth and no evaporation of deadly malarias. As to M. Delbruck's new theory of ventilation, or rather no ventilation at all, it is enough to say for the present that man is neither a pig, nor a goose, nor a goat, and that if the breathing of effete carbonic acid gas promoted health, the wise Maker of us all would have given it to us to breathe instead of the pure air of all out-doors. Men may live in spite of bad air, as they sometimes do in spite of being soaked in rum. Besides, there are always antagonizing influences at work, and various modifying circumstances which readily suggest themselves to educated men; meanwhile, let all bear in mind that sleeping in a pure atmosphere, in our latitudes at least, is indispensable to good health and a long life.—*Dr. Hall.*

NEWS ITEMS.

An English house doing an extensive business in this country has just given evidence of its confidence in the character of our Government securities. Instead of remitting at the current rate of exchange, the New York representatives has been instructed to invest about $75,000 in United States six per cents.

Four negro regiments, it is thought, will be raised in this city. The 1st will be commanded by Col. Frothingham, the 2nd by Col. Augerob, the 3rd by Col. Logan, and the 4th by Col. Vandaren. About 2,000 colored men have already been raised in this city, and only await the proper formalities from the War Department to organize into companies.

It is said that rebel prisoners who have arrived in Washington, report that on Monday and Tuesday, six or eight of our gunboats passed Fort Sumpter, and that Charleston was being shelled. On the other hand, a Confederate dispatch, dated the 16th, says:—"All is quiet along the coast to-night." The 19th was the day which the insurgents had selected as that on which the attack was to be made—that being the highest day of the spring tides.

Sixteen new iron-clads, it is expected, will be added to the navy during the present year.

HOW COAL IS FORMED.

The land on which coal plants grew has passed away; no human eye will see their like again—no human eye saw them, no human hand touched a leaf of these gigantic trees and forms. No limner's art ever portrayed those dense forests, nor surveyor's pen mapped down the broad estates on which they rankly grew. But certainly as the rays of light tell us of burning metals in the sun, so will the segregation of the earthly particles into which their long and creeping roots penetrated the bedding of the grains of sand and clay which intimately covered them up, tell us the story of the ancient physical condition, under whose influence lifeless trunks, and leaves, and boughs became converted into coal.

Low were those ancient lands, surrounded by marsh swamps, bounded by shallow estuaries, up which salt sea water gently rose and fell; one can scarcely speak of tide, so smoothly between the stems and undergrowth of water loving tree rushes, and through the tangled jungle it sluggishly flowed. Into the muddy waters of estuary and lakes, and on the oozy ground around, the leaves fell year by year, as autumn chills unclothed the trees. As the trees too, in the roll of time, rotted at their bases by the watery medium in which they grew, toppled over, and became immersed in the boggy soil under a surface coating of ferns and humbler plants, mixed with mosses; the rank herbage ever growing, rotting and fermenting. Green and verdant at the top, dark, black, heated and distilling out from the decaying vegetable matter, globules of bitumen below, to mingle with and penetrate the half-rotted, closely-matted mass of leaves and fibres, and of porous wood. Thus was the coal-seam formed. It was not open to the day until it had dried into the turf, or rotted into soil. But it was covered up at a certain stage of its elaboration, and preserved for human use.

It may have completed in the earth the process of its conversion into coal, but it was originally the produce of the *debris* of a living vegetation buried under a covering of mud. The accumulation might have long been going on near the surface, new bitumen secreting below, going on for ages before the mass was buried in. Covered in at last, stratum after stratum of mud and sand are piled over it, the weight of the superincumbent materials presses down the spongy fibrous upper part of the future coal-seam into the bituminous lower portion, the semi-fluid bitumen is squeezed upwards among the compressed fibres, and forced into the pores of the wood, the thickness of the vegetable bed is reduced, and it becomes an almost solid mass of wood and vegetable fibre, impregnated with the bitumen distilled from itself. If it had parted with its gases and bitumen before it had been covered in, it might have become fossil heat. But coal, the produce would never have been. Briefly, then, such was the origin of coal. This view of the matter excludes at once the anthracites from any right to the term of coal. Nay!, to dispose of the lignites. Lignites may, or may not at some future time—ages to come—be converted into coal. They are not coal yet; they are still lignetous.

The wood structure is so well preserved in the brown coal of Switzerland and Germany, that in some places it is used for rafters, beams, and other building purposes. The stages of elaboration are not yet complete, which are requisite for the production of coal. It is the babe, not the man. Anthracite has lost its bitumen. It is the corpse. It might have been coal once, it is less now. Shale is the path on which the corpse was laid. It may be saturated with its blood, but it is not the body.

A PLEA FOR MERCY.

Gently, gently lay Thy rod
On my sinful head, O God!
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.
Heal me, for my flesh is weak;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek;
This the only plea I make—
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

☞ A small incident which occurred at Giandola, Italy, brought to our minds a common saying everywhere, but which has no force in cold climates. We met a girl with a basket of fine figs, some of which we attempted to purchase, when her father came up, and insisted on our taking as many as we wanted, scouting the idea of any one taking money *for figs*. The proverb, "Not worth a fig," is evidently imported from the south. At Giandola, which from its low and sheltered situation, is very warm, figs are abundant and excellent.

☞ Cotton and cotton goods are now coming from Asia, whence we were accustomed to receive them in olden time, while of late years Eastern Asia has been a great market for our manufactures. Now the tide has turned again. The ship Emily Banning has recently arrived from Japan with 700 bales of drills and shirtings from China, and advices are that the market will be supplied from that quarter. These ships are reported on their way from Japan to England with cotton, which is fine, but has an inferior staple to our Southern cotton.

☞ It is said there is no gas in Richmond, but after reading some of the papers published in that city, we know better.

LATEST NEWS.

From Rosecrans' Department—Defeat of Morgan and Breckinridge's Cavalry.

The following despatch was to-day received at the headquarters of the army:

MURFREESBORO', March 20—Major-Gen. Halleck, General in Chief: Gen. Negley has reports from Col. Hall's brigade, on a recent near Milton, on the road to Liberty, that he was attacked this morning by Morgan and Breckinridge's cavalry, about eight or ten hundred strong.

After a few hour's fight, we whipped and drove them, with a loss to us of 17 killed and 41 wounded, including one captain. The rebel loss was 20 or 40 killed, including three commissioned officers, 140 wounded, and 12 prisoners.

[Signed] W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major General.

Surrender of the U. S. Troops at Mount Sterling, Ky.—Expected Attack on Paris.

CINCINNATI, March 26.—A special despatch from Paris, Ky., to the Commercial, says:—The rebel Col. Clarke surrounded the forces at Mount Sterling, Ky., at 8 o'clock this morning. Our troops, amounting to only 900 men, fought for four hours from the shelter of the houses in the town, but were finally compelled to surrender. The rebels then burned the place.

It is believed that Col. Clarke intends to attack Paris, Ky., to-night.

Miscellaneous.

SYRACUSE, March 21.—Major-Gen. E. V. Sumner died this morning at the residence of his son-in-law, Col. Teall, of congestion of the lungs. He was sick for a few days only.

A special despatch to the Cincinnati Commercial says that a force of rebels have crossed the river Cumberland at Rowena, and were proceeding south ward, with a view to enter Kentucky.

Morgan's guerillas were whipped at McMinnville on Friday.

Jacksonville, Florida, is reported to have been taken by the negro troops on the 10th instant.

An organized attempt was made lately to burn down the city of Columbus, Ohio, but the flames were extinguished, though not until a large amount of property had been destroyed.

Advices from Mexico to the 2d inst., received by way of San Francisco, say that the French were then over thirty miles from the capital, and that there were no signs of an advance.

The steamer Europa, from Liverpool on the 7th inst., arrived at Halifax on Sunday. She brings papers of the 7th and telegrams of the 8th. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales and the sister of the Princess Alexandria into London was occupying the attention of the English people. The papers have nothing to say on American affairs. Parliament was discussing naval affairs. The King of Belgium had accepted the arbitration of the difficulties between Brazil and England. The English and French governments are reported to be quite agreed to the tenor of their notes in Russia in regard to Poland. There is nothing important from France. The Pope refuses to accept Cardinal Antonelli's resignation. News from China states that an expedition was organizing at Shanghae for a movement against Nankin.

☞ You lay all your plans to accomplish an object, and miss of it, while the good that you never dream of obtaining comes to you unsought.—*Gail Hamilton.*

☞ French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre Cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath —"Judge how we loved him!"

☞ The editor of the Aroostook Pioneer, hearing that a bear had been seen in the woods, very valorously went out to capture it, but on reaching the den found that the animal had evacuated. Lucky for the—editor.

☞ According to a recent article in a magazine, nearly one-third of the women of England never marry, and three millions of females are thrown upon their own exertions for support.

☞ The real genuine original sea-serpent is said to have been caught on the east coast of South America. He was one hundred and fifty feet long, with a head and tail like a lizard, and it took six men to carry one of his ribs.

☞ An old toper out West, says the two most precious things now included in loops are girls and kegs of whiskey.

☞ "Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?" "I don't know, mamma, but I guess dried themselves."

☞ It is said that one of the members of the Maine Legislature has a remarkable resemblance to President Lincoln. The gentleman is said to be duly sensible that he is the President's counterfeit, and enjoys it as much as anybody else.

☞ Prentice is assured that Gen. Rosecrans's army is invincible. It will fight as if a thousand 4th-of-July's and birthdays of Washington were burning in its veins.

☞ Little Patti is said to have bagged a net $20,000 in Paris. She has gone to Venice.

☞ What rifle carries the *maximum* distance? asked a lady of an officer. The *minnie*, miss, was the reply.

☞ A N. Y. joker asks, when is charity like a top? and answers, when it begins to *hum*.

☞ Nothing is more remarkable, as connected with Roman monuments, than the absence of the mournful element. The skull and cross-bones belong for a period of corrupted taste. The dead are thought of by the classics as those who have ceased *to labor*, as Death is symbolised on a Pompeian monument by a ship entering the port. With a beautiful simplicity Christian Germany still speaks of the departed as "those who have gone home."

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I feel that age has overta'en
My steps on life's descending way,
But time has left no lingering pain,
No shadow of an evil day;
And you, my children, gather near
To smooth and solace my decline,
And I have hope that your career
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
From threatening storm and lowering cloud,
But sunbursts shed from source on high
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
Not all without the sheet and thorn
Has been my path from first to last;
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
As I serenely talk or muse—
Is tranquil as you glassy pool,
Reflecting Autumn's rarest hues.
Time has not dulled my moral sense,
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;
No passions weaken my defence,
No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
Will lead me through past trodden ways,
And I remember—why forget?
The magic of my early days;
All nature so divinely wrought,
The unravelled mystery of things,
Awoke me to exalted thought,
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
Up to the sunny noon of youth,
From youth to manhood, till I knew
That love was near akin to truth.
My trials, bravely overcome;
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
Whose top is hoary with decay,
Whose trunk is shaken as may be
Before it falls and fades away—
Receive what faithful men unfold,
Revere what truthful men proclaim,
And before Heaven and man uphold
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
No tremblings as I hurry down;
My way is clear, the end is near,
The goal, the glory, and the crown.
Then shed no bitter tears for me,
As ye consign me to the dust;
Rather rejoice that I shall be
With God, my strength and trust.

MY REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY RUFUS HARE.

We met in the beginning of the action, I and my enemy, Richard Withers—he, a rebel, I, a Federalist! he, on foot, I, mounted. It matters not now why I hated him with the fiercest wrath of my nature. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness:" and the details, while most painful to me, would be of trifling interest to you. Suffice it that our feud was not a political one. For ten years we were the closest intimates that the same studies, the same tastes and the same aims could make us. I was the elder of the two and the stronger, physically; but we were both hard students; comparatively friendless, as the world takes it, and had no near relatives. Young, solitary, and visionary, as we were, it is hard to make you understand what we were to each other. Up to the period of our estrangement, working together, eating together, sleeping together, I can safely say that we had not a joy or a grief, not a pleasure or a vexation that we did not share with an almost boyish single-heartedness. But one day changed all. We arose in the morning dear friends and lay down at night bitter foes. I was a man of extremes; I either loved or hated with the whole strength of my heart. The past was forgotten in the present. The ten years of kindness, of congeniality, of almost womanly tenderness were erased, as with a sponge. We looked each other in the face with angry, searching eyes—said but a few words (our rage was too deep to be demonstrative) and parted. Then in my solitude I dashed my clenched hand upon the Bible and vowed passionately:

"I may wait ten years, Richard Withers! I may wait twenty, thirty, if you will, but sooner or later I swear I shall have my revenge!"

And this was the way we met.

I wonder if he thought of that day when he laid his hand on my bridle rein and looked up at me with his treacherous blue eyes. I scarcely think he did, or he could not have given me that look. He was beautiful as a girl; indeed the contrast of his fair, aristocratic face, with its regular outline and red, curving lips, to my own rough dark exterior might have been partly the secret of my former attraction to him. But the loveliness of an angel, if it had been his, would not have saved him from me then. There was a pistol in his hand, but before he had time to discharge it I cut at him with my sword, and as the line swept on, like a gathering wave, I saw him stagger under the blow, throw up both arms, and go down in the press. Bitterly as I hated him, the vision of his ghastly, agonized face haunted me the long day through.

You all remember how it was at Fredericksburg. How we crossed the river at the wrong point, and under that raking fire of the enemy, were so disastrously repulsed.

It was a sad mistake, and fatal to many a brave heart. When night fell I lay upon the field among the dead and wounded. I was comparatively helpless. A ball had shivered the cap of my left knee, and my shoulder was laid open with a sabre cut. The latter bled profusely; but by dint of knotting my handkerchief tightly about it, I managed to staunch it, in a measure. For my knee I could do nothing. Consciousness did not forsake me, and the pain was intense; but from the moans and wails of the men about me, I judged that others had fared far worse than I. Poor fellows! there was many a mother's darling suffering there. Many of my comrades, lads of eighteen or twenty, who had never been a night from home until they joined the army; spoiled pets of fortune, manly enough at heart but children in years and constitution, who had been used to have every little ache and scratch compassionated with an almost extravagant sympathy—there they lay, crippled, and gashed, and bleeding, crushed and dying, huddled together—some, where they had fallen, some, where they had weakly crawled upon their hands and knees—and never a woman's touch to bind up their wounds, or a woman's voice to whisper gentle consolation.

It was pitchy dark; and a cold, miserable rain was falling upon us. The very heavens seemed weeping over our miseries. Then through the darkness and the drizzling rain, through the groans and prayers of the fallen men about me, I heard a familiar voice close by my side:

"Water! water! water! I am dying with thirst—if it be but a mouthful—water! For God's sake give me water!"

I recolled in dismay. It was the voice of my enemy, the voice of Richard Withers They were once very dear to me, those mellow tones; once, the pleasantest music I cared to hear. Do you think they softened me now? You are mistaken. I am candid about it. My blood boiled in my veins when I heard him; when I knew that he lay so close to me, and I, powerless to withdraw from his detested neighborhood. There was water in my canteen. I had filled it before that last ball came. By stretching out my hand I could have given him to drink; but I did not raise a finger. Vengeance was sweet. I smiled grimly to myself, and said down in my secret heart:—"Not a drop shall cross his lips, though he perish. I shall have my revenge."

Do you recoil with horror? Listen, how merciful God was to me.

There was a poor little drummer on the other side. A merry, manly boy of twelve or thirteen, the pet and plaything of the regiment. There was something of the German in him; he had been with us from the first, and was reckoned one of the ablest drummers in the army. But we would never march to the tap of Charley's drum again. He had got a ball in his lungs; and the exposure and fatigue, together with the wound, had made him light-headed. Poor little child! he crept close to me in the darkness and laid his cheek upon my breast. Maybe he thought it was his own little pillow at home; maybe he thought it, poor darling! his mother's bosom. God alone knows what he thought; but with his hot arms about my neck and his curly head pressed close to my wicked heart, even then swelling with the bitter hatred of my enemy, he began, in his delirium, to murmur the "*Our Father who art in heaven.*"

I was a rough, boarded man. I had been an orphan for many a long year; but not too many or too long to forget the simple-hearted prayer of my childhood—the dim vision of that mother's face over which the grass had grown for twenty changing summers. Something tender stirred within my hardened heart. It was too dark to see the little face, but the young lips went on brokenly:

"*And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us*—"

It went through me like a knife—sharper than the sabre-cut, keener than the ball. God was merciful to me—and this young child was the channel of His mercy.

"*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us!*"

I had never understood the words before. If an angel had spoken it could scarcely have been more of a revelation. For the first time the thought that I might be mortally wounded, that death might be closer than I dreamed, struck me with awe and horror. The text of a long-forgotten sermon was in my ears:—"It is appointed for all men once to die: and *after* death, judgment."

Worse and worse. What measure of mercy could I expect, if the same was to be meted to me that I had meted unto my enemy?

The tears welled into my eyes and trickled down my cheeks; the first I had shed since boyhood. I felt subdued and strangely moved.

The rain was falling still; but the little head upon my breast was gone. He had crept away silently in the darkness. His unconscious mission was fulfilled; he would not return at my call.

Then I lifted myself with a great effort. The old bitterness was crushed, but not altogether dead.

"Water—water!" moaned Richard Withers in his agony.

I dragged myself close to him.

"God be praised!" I said with a solemn heart. "Dick, old boy, enemy no longer. God be praised! I am able and willing to help you. Drink and be friends."

It had been growing lighter and lighter in the east, and now it was day. Day within and without. In the first gray glimmer of dawn we looked into each other's ghastly faces for a moment, and then the canteen was at Richard's mouth, and he drank as the fevered only can drink. I watched him with moist eyes, leaning upon my elbow and forgetting the bandaged shoulder. He grasped me with both hands.

Blood-stained and pallid as it was, his face was ingenuous and beautiful as a child's.

"Now let me speak," he said, panting. "You have misjudged me, Rufus. It was all a mistake; I found it out after we parted. I meant to have spoken this morning when I grasped your rein, but—but—"

His generosity spared me the rest. The wound my hand had inflicted was yet bleeding in his head; but for the blind passion of the blow, it must have been mortal. Was vengeance so sweet after all? I felt something warm trickling from my shoulder. The daylight was gone again—how dark it was!

"Forgive me, Dick," I murmured, groping about for him with my hands.

Then I was blind—then I was cold as ice—then I stumbled down an abyss, and everything was blank.

"The crisis is past—he will recover," said a strange voice.

"Thank God! thank God!" cried a familiar one.

I opened my eyes. Where was I? How odd everything was. Rows of beds stretching down a long, narrow hall, bright with sunshine; and women, wearing white caps and peculiar dresses, flitting to and fro with a noiseless activity, which, in my fearful weakness, it tired me to watch. My hand lay outside the covers; it was shadowy as a skeleton's. What had become of my flesh? Was I a child or a man? A body or a spirit? So light and frail did I feel, I began to think I was done with material things altogether, had been subjected to some refining process, and but now awakened to a new existence. But did they have beds in the other world? I was looking lazily at the opposite one, when some one took my hand. A face was bending over me. I looked up into it with a beating heart. The golden sunshine was on it—on the fair, regular features, the red lips and the kindly blue eyes.

"Dick!" I gasped, "where have you been all these years?"

"Weeks, you mean," said Richard, with the old smile. "But never mind now. You are better, dear Rufus—you will live—we shall be happy together again."

It was more a woman's speech than a man's; but Dick had a tender heart.

"Where am I?" I asked, still hazy. "What is the matter with me?"

"Hospital in the first place," said Richard. "Typhus in the second. You were taken after that night at Fredericksburg."

It broke upon me at once. I remembered that awful night—I could never, *never* forget it again. Weak as a child, I covered my face and burst into tears. Richard was on his knees by my side at once.

"I was a brute to recall it," he whispered remorsefully; "do not think of it, old boy—you must not excite yourself. It is all forgotten and forgiven."

"*Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us!*" I prayed from my inmost heart.

"Those words have been in your mouth, night and day, ever since you were taken," said my friend.

I lay silent, cogitating.

"Tell me one thing, Dick," I asked; "are we in the north or south?"

"North—in Philadelphia."

"Then you are a prisoner?" I said mournfully, recalling his principles.

"Not a bit of it."

"What do you mean?"

Richard laughed.

"I have seen the error of my ways. I have taken the oath of allegiance. When you are strong enough again we shall fight side by side."

"And the wound in your head?" I asked with emotion, looking up at his bright, handsome face.

"Don't mention it. It healed up long ago."

"And the little drummer?"

Richard bowed his head upon my hand. "He was found dead upon the field. Heaven bless him! They say he died praying, with his mother's name upon his lips."

"Revere him as an angel!" I whispered, grasping him by the hand. "But for his dying prayer we had yet been enemies. Oh, Richard! God's grace is with the simple and the pure of heart!"

☞ It is a significant fact that while, at the North, Washington's birthday has been generally celebrated, at the South, so far as we can learn, no notice has been taken of it. But then the present course of the South is in violation of every principle cherished by the Father of his Country.

☞ The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

SHIP-CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE]

During the last few centuries, and particularly in our own, there has been such a prodigious development of the commerce and navy of all civilized nations; there has been such a great ship traffic carried on between European and Asiatic seas; in those latter seas there are so many European nations possessing wealthy colonies, the progress of which daily becomes more rapid—that all these circumstances cause the want of a new and shorter path of communication between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean to be urgently felt. It is not enough in the minds of many that there should be a railway from Alexandria by Cairo to Suez. They must needs have a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

This question of a canal dates its antiquity from the remotest ages. It occupied the minds of the Pharaohs and the kings of Persia. Their notion was to form a connection between the valley of the Nile and the Red Sea, in order to facilitate the intercourse between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. At the present day the object proposed consists of effecting a communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in order to facilitate the navigation between Europe and the Indian ocean. For ten centuries this idea of a canal lay dormant. The conquest of Egypt by the French revived the question.

If the plan is carried out of constructing a canal from this town to Pelusium, on the Mediterranean, France will derive from it the most important benefits. It will create almost a new commerce for her. Through her ports in the Mediterranean she will have an advantage over the English in importing direct the indigo and other articles of India; and a stimulus will be given to her exports by shorter routes opened to India. Of all the European powers, then, France has the greatest interest in promoting the enterprise.

Ever since 1842 the British government has been using all the influence it possesses at Constantinople and in Egypt to prevent this scheme from being carried into execution, because it is a scheme founded in hostility to the interests of that country. It was launched upwards of twenty years ago as a rival to the railway from Alexandria by Cairo to Suez. It was opposed to the standing policy of England in regard to the connection of Egypt with Turkey—a policy consecrated by the late war, and the issue of that war, the treaty of Paris. The obvious political tendency of the undertaking was to render more easy the separation of Egypt from Turkey. It was founded also on remote speculations with regard to an easier access to the Indian possessions, which there is no necessity—as Lord Palmerston once said in the House of Commons—of more distinctly shadowing forth, as it is obvious to all who pay any attention to the subject."

Certainly, at the first blush, the making of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez appears to offer almost incalculable advantages to England as regards the government of her Indian empire and dependencies; for by such a canal she could from Malta place troops in Bombay in three weeks, in Ceylon and Madras in four weeks, and in Calcutta in five weeks. But how stands the case when we consider that the canal will in reality be in the hands of a French company, that will be under the management and dictation of the French government, and that in the event of any misunderstanding between France and England, a rate of duty to admit of the transit through the canal of goods and vessels to and from India may be so high as virtually to exclude England from the benefits of the canal? What, then, becomes of the great advantage England should derive from it? On the contrary, Great Britain would suffer proportionably to the vast extent of her commerce and political connections with the East.

Neither the surface of the soil, nor the nature of the subsoil, offer impediments to the construction of a canal. But the only material that can be employed to form the embankments is sand. Now the peculiarities of a sand embankment are well known. No matter what precaution can be taken, they never can offer sufficient security. The slightest variations in the level of the water will cause land slips in the outside portion of the embankments, and occasion their destruction. Deposits of sediment from the Nile water on the inner slope will eventually make them impervious; but until this takes place there will be no security for their stability.

But what is chiefly apprehended is the damage that may be inflicted by evil-disposed persons. You have only to suppose an Arab shepherd flushed with the spirit of mischief. A few strokes of a pickaxe! And in a few minutes the canal is emptied!

Leaving out altogether the supposition of malicious intention (which, nevertheless, is a contingency that must be taken into consideration), there is a sufficient source of peril existing in the wild animals of the desert, which in making their burrows, which are so abundant in every part of the Isthmus, might occasion most serious disasters.

Our engraving represents the interesting ceremony of letting the water of the Mediterranean into Lake Timsah, which took place on Tuesday, the 15th November last, when M. Lesseps, accompanied by the Sheik Islem, the Ulemas, the Catholic Bishop of Alexandria, all the *employes* of the company that could be spared, and a numerous party of friends, assembled to see this important event. At 10 A. M., all being ready, M. de Lesseps, advancing to the edge of the western bank of the Rigole, spoke as follows:—In the name of his Highness Said Pasha, I command that the waters of the Mediterranean be let into the Lake Timsah, by the grace of God." The dyke was then removed, and the waters flowed into the lake. The Ulemas then proceeded to bless the waters, and the *Te Deum* was afterwards chanted at the French chapel at El Guiser. In the evening a sumptuous banquet was prepared, at which all the *employes* and guests, to the number of 300 persons, sat down. It was particularly remarked that not a French flag was displayed.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Go! Winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And looks that kindle not delight,
And breaths that chills the young hearts glow,
And frowns that make the tear-drop start,
No bliss, no pleasure, can impart;
Go! Winter, go!

Come! Summer, come;
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the azure dome,
Come! with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land;
Come! Summer, come.

COUNSEL FOR HUSBANDS.

We take the following excellent cautions and counsels from *Hall's Journal of Health*. They were written expressly for farmers, but will apply as well to husbands and wives, not farmers. We commend them to the consideration of all husbands.

Let the farmer never forget that his wife is his best friend, the most steadfast on earth, would do more for him in calamity, in misfortune and sickness than any other human being, and that on this account, to say nothing of the marriage vow, made before high heaven and before men, he owes to the wife of his bosom a consideration, a tenderness, a support, and a sympathy, which should put out of sight every feeling of profit and loss the very instant they come in collision with his wife's welfare as to her body, her mind and her affections. No man will ever lose in the long run by so doing; he will not lose in time, will not lose in a dying hour, nor in that great and mysterious future, which lies before all.

There are "seasons" in the life of women which, as to some of them, so affect her general system, and her mind also, as to commend them to our warmest sympathies, and which imperatively demand from the sterner sex the same patience and forbearance and tenderness which they themselves would want meted out to them if they were not of sound mind. At these times some women, whose uniform good sense, propriety of deportment, and amiability of character command our admiralon, become so irritable, fretful, complaining, quarrelsome, and unlovely as to almost drive their husbands mad; their conduct is so inexplicable, so changed, so perfectly causeless, that they are almost overcome with desperation, with discouragement, or indignant defiance of all rules of justice, of right, or of humanity. Some women, at such times, are literally insane, without their right mind, and, as it is an infliction of nature, far be it from any husband, with the feelings of a man, to fail at such times to treat his wife with the same kind care and extra tenderness and pitying love that he would show to a demented only child. The skillful physician counsels in such cases the scrupulous avoidance of every word or action, or even look which by any possibility could irritate the mind, excite the brain, or wound the sensibilities, and, as far as possible, to yield gracefully and good naturedly to every whim and every caprice, to seem to control in nothing, to yield in all things; under these calming influences the mind sooner resumes its wonted rule, the heart gushes out in new loves, and wakes up to a warmer affection than was ever known before. A misunderstanding of the case and an impatient resistance at all points has before now driven women to desperation, to a life-long hate, to suicide, or to a fate worse than all "—to peer through the iron bars of a lunatic's cell for a long and miserable lifetime. Let every husband who has a human heart mature the subject well.

In these and other peculiar states of the system, arising from nervous derangement, women are sometimes childish, and various curious phenomena take place; there is an inability to speak for a moment or a month, the heart seems to "jump up in the mouth," or there is a terrible feeling of impending suffocation; at other times there are actual convulsions, or an uncontrollable bursting out into tears; these and other disagreeable phenomena are derisively and unfeelingly called "hysterics" or "nervousness," but they are no more unreal to the sufferer than are the pains of extraction for "nothing but toothache." These symptoms are not unfrequently set down to the account of perverseness, when it should no more be done than to call it perversity to break out in unavoidable grief at the sudden information of the death of the dearest friend on earth. The course of conduct to be pursued in cases of this kind is at once the dictate of science, of humanity, and of common-sense. It is to sympathize with and soothe the patient in all ways possible, until the excess of perturbation has passed away and the system calms down to its natural, even action.

Unless made otherwise by a vicious training, a woman is as naturally tasteful, tidy, and neat in herself and as to all her surroundings as the beautiful canary which bathes itself every morning, and will not be satisfied until each rebellious feather is compelled to take the shape and place which nature designed. It is nothing short of brutality to war against those pure, elevating, and refining instincts of a woman's better nature, and it is a husband's highest duty, his interest, and should be his pleasure and his pride to sympathize with his wife in the cultivation of these instincts, and to cheerfully afford her the necessary means, as far as he can do so consistently. No money is better spent on a farm or anywhere else than that which enables the wife to make herself, her children, her husband, and her house appear fully up to their circumstances. The consciousness of a torn or buttonless jacket or soiled dress degrades a boy or girl in their own estimation, and who that is a man does not feel himself degraded under the consciousness that he is wearing a dirty shirt? The wife who is worthy of the name will never allow these things if she is provided with means for their prevention, and it is in the noble endeavor to maintain for herself and family a respectability of appearance which their station demands, with means and help far too limited, which as irritates, and chafes, and annoys her proper pride, that many a time the wife's heart, and constitution, and health are all broken together. This is the history of multitudes of farmers' wives, and the niggardly natures which allow it, after taking an intelligent view of the subject, are simply beneath contempt. What adds to the better appearance of the person, elevates; what adds to the better appearance of a farm, increases its value and the respectability of the occupant; so that it is always a good investment, morally and pecuniarily, for a farmer to supply his wife generously and cheerfully, according to his ability, with the means of making her family and home neat, tasteful, and tidy. A dollar's worth of lime, a shilling ribbon, or a few pennies' worth of paint may be so used as to give an impression of life, of cheerfulness, and of thrift about a home altogether beyond the value of the means employed for the purpose.

Finally, let the farmer always remember that his wife's cheerful and hearty co-operation is essential to his success, and is really of as much value in attaining it, all things considered, as anything that he can do; and as she is very certainly his superior in her moral nature, it legitimately follows that he should not only regard her as his equal in material matters, but should habitually accord to her that deference, that consideration, and that high respect which is of right her due, and which can never fail to impress on the children and servants, who daily witness it, a dignity and an elevation of manner, and thought, and feeling, and deportment which will prove to all who see them that the wife is a lady and the husband a man, a gentleman; and a large pecuniary success, with a high moral position and wide social influence, will be the almost certain results.

THE EARTH SAFE.—The London Times says mankind are using up the world too fast. Incessant cultivation, it is alleged, is stripping earth of its coat of mould, which cannot be replaced except by a return to the primeval forest. There are facts in existence a little inconsistent with that very alarming statement. The plain round Benares has certainly been cultured for three thousand years, and is as rich as ever. The country round Damascus was a garden in the beginning of history, and is a garden now. No forest ever renewed the soil of Northern Italy, nor is the glorious fertility of Asia Minor artificial. Districts have, it is true, perished, but it has always been from human folly, the cutting down of the trees till the rain ceased and the wells sank, as is now occurring in some parts of Upper India. When we conquered the Punjaub the vast province did not contain one tree, and in thirty years would have become, like the Babylonian desert, a sterile plain, and from the same cause.—*London Spectator.*

BENEFIT OF GOOD ASSOCIATES.—How beautifully and simply, says Sir John Malcolm, has Sadee, the Persian poet, depicted the benefit of good associates in the following apologue:

"One day I was in the bath. A friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, 'Art thou musk, or ambergris? for I am charmed with thy perfume.' It answerd, 'I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose. The sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should only be a piece of clay, as I appear to be.'"

☞ Mrs. Magee of Rowena, Maine, is recruiting her squad of infantry with remarkable rapidity, without bounty or state aid. Within three and a half years she has mustered in twelve, all of whom remain in active service.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

SERENADE.

BY SHELLEY.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
Oh, beloved, as thou art!

Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fall!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale;
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

Sally had no opportunity for the proposed communication. Outside the door of the bride's chamber stood Helen, in close conversation with her cousin, Harvey Floyd. Both were laughing, for if Harvey attached any importance to the Colonel's threat of retribution upon the sinning Robert, he kindly and discreetly refrained from whispering to her a syllable relating to this part of the scene, which he pretended to describe to her with great exactness and evident enjoyment. The consultation was broken off by the outburst from the adjoining room, of a figure in white robes.

"Helen Gardner! why aren't you in hysterics, or swooning, or something like that—as is suitable and graceful in the circumstances? I should be terrified into convulsions, if I were in your place. An hour after the time set for the ceremony, and not a word from the bridegroom! It's a perfect scandal—or, else, some terrible accident has happened—and in either case, you ought to go crazy!"

"I have just brought her a message that obviates the necessity of parting with her wits," replied Harvey. "The fortunate man is now on his way to happiness. I left him only half an hour ago. Aunt Ruth's newest cap was not ready in season, and he could not, as a dutiful nephew, leave her—while she was conscientiously opposed to wearing her second best. It was trimmed with green, which she said was an unlucky color at weddings. There were twelve yards of white satin ribbon to be furbiowed upon the new one, and the last bow but one was being sewed on, when I came away; so they cannot be far behind me. You are divine, to-night, Miss Virginia!"

"Humbug!" with a smile of conscious vanity. "You ought to see Lily now! *She* is heavenly! So pure looking, so ethereal, so exactly like a snow flake, that you are positively afraid that she will melt away before your eyes—be exhaled like a dew-drop!"

"I hope she won't melt, or exhale, while *I* am looking at her!" answered the saucy groomsman. Where is this same snow-drift, or snow-drop, or whatever you call her? I would like to take a parting look at her before she leaves this world for good and all."

"In there, with the rest of them!" nodding backwards into Helen's room; and Harvey, taking the hinted invitation, walked himself into the midst of the fair and fluttering group.

There was a little scream of affected horror and surprise at his unceremonious entry; then the girls closed in upon him on every side.

"Mr. Floyd! what is the matter down stairs?"

"What makes you gentlemen so tardy? We're tired to death waiting!"

"Hasn't Mr. Lay come yet! It's shocking!" and similar inquiries pelted his ears—a confusing volley, even to one of his consummate impudence.

"All right! all right! He will be here shortly!" he repeated, over and over, with slight variations, until the Babel subsided into a satisfied hum.

Lily had remained aloof, looking on, with sad contempt, that was heightened into disdain, when her cousin accosted her.

"Come, Lil! stand out into the light and let me see you! Miss Virginia likens you to snow-flakes, and dew-drops, and all manner of other beautiful things."

He pulled her towards him that he might take a better view.

"Don't, Harvey! you hurt me! Let me alone, I say!" she cried, sharply, trying to wrest her hands from his.

He held her tight.

"The half was not told me," said he, in mock reverence. "You are a gem—a star of the first lustre and sixth magnitude—but not snow! There's too much heat for that!"

If Virginia's simile had any aptness, this external fairness was the snowy crust veiling a volcanic heart. Lily's great eyes glittered feverishly; her skin was hot; her lips had a scarlet tinge.

"You are to walk with me, you know, Queen Mab," continued Harvey. "I shall watch you very closely lest you unfold a pair of starry wings, and fly away."

"I know no such thing!" she retorted, peevishly, and Harvey perceived his blunder, when he recollected that Aleck Lay, as first groomsman, was the attendant assigned to her.

The sound of an arrival below, relieved him from the necessity of fibbing to hide his lapsus linguæ.

"There he is at last!"

He dropped the struggling hands and was off like the wind. Miss Ruth passed him on the stairs, mounting to the dressing-room under the pilotage of a maid. The poor lady looked scared and flurried, and Harvey laughed to himself, in the imagination of her amazement at the recent disclosure made to her. Aleck was in the hall, handsome and self-possessed—a smile of heart-felt satisfaction dispelling every vestige of cynicism from his features.

"All goes well!" was Harvey's salutation, "and I have served a notice upon Chandler, to take the vacant place in the train. You will find him with the rest of the fellows, in the room over there."

"Thank you!"

Aleck preceded him to the apartment designated, and presented himself to the anxious "fellows."

"I am sorry that I have been unavoidably detained, gentlemen—less on your account, however, I confess, than because I fear my delay has occasioned discontent to the ladies who are awaiting you. Everything is ready, I believe. Shall we go up and make our peace, as best we may?"

"Is your brother here?" questioned one.

"My brother was called suddenly from home, this forenoon, and has not returned yet. Fortunately, his presence is not indispensable, however much we may desire it."

"Not indispensable!" ejaculated Tom Shore. "What do you mean? Who ever heard of a wedding without a bridegroom? unless, indeed, you act as his proxy!" he subjoined, with a half laugh.

"I shall be married on my own account—not in the stead of another," replied Aleck, coolly. "This is a matter which was determined upon between Miss Gardner and myself, more than two years ago. Perhaps you would like to test the truth of my assertion by an appeal to the lady herself."

He led the way to the floor above, and the others, including the "dumbfoundered" Tom, followed in his wake.

Helen did not lift her eyes at their approach, but the brilliant carmine of her cheek answered the fervent pressure with which Aleck laid her hand within his arm. Never were voluble girls rendered so mute by astonishment as was the knot of pretty attendants. Lily clung to Harvey for support; searched his face in such agony of inquiry, that he could not help whispering an explanatory sentence or two.

"It's all right! They have loved one another for years and years. She was always queer, and so is he. The engagement with Robert was a blind. It's the best joke of the season!"

Honestly he believed but half of this tale; but he was pledged to carry the matter through, and he would do it with a brazen face, if not with a stout heart. Lily utterly discredited this account of the sudden reversal of preconcerted arrangements, but it mattered little to her how it had come about, while the evidence of her own eyesight showed her Helen Gardner as the bride of Aleck, and not Robert Lay. Divers editions of the surprising story were breathed by the other gallants to their respective charges during the downward march of the procession, and it spoke volumes for the self-command or aptitude in deception of the feminine part of the band, that when they were drawn up in bridal array, confronting the crowd of gaping and aghast spectators, none of them betrayed the slightest symptom of curiosity or embarrassment; each was competent to the occasion.

Mrs. Floyd uttered an exclamation of dismay or wonder as the clergyman, in obedience to a word from Aleck, and after a glance at the license presented by Harvey, began the marriage service. He paused longer than was needful or customary after the solemn bidding of the charge; bent a gaze, scrutinizing, and not altogether free from severity upon the youthful couple, while the silence throughout the room became oppressive.

"I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed,) that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it: for be ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's word doth allow, their marriage is not lawful."

Aleck met the penetrating eyes confidently—proudly, while Helen stood firm and calm beside him. The ceremony proceeded; the responses were made promptly and audibly, and Aleck's voice had never been more clear and steady than in articulating the vow:

"I, Alexander, take thee, Helen, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse; for richer for poorer; in sickness and in health; to love and to cherish, till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

It was done! and regaining breath and speech with one simultaneous effort, the assembly surged impetuously towards the newly wedded pair. Inquiries more pointed than polite; banterings of all descriptions, gay, gentle and ill-natured; reproaches that were meant to be playful, and yet had an angry tone mingled with the laugh; every variety of congratulation were heaped upon the perpetrators of the daring deed in a fashion that few would have been able to bear. But they were blest with dauntless spirits and strong nerves, and while Helen was suffered to remain by Aleck's side she did not shrink, and he was doubly courageous.

Poor, poor Miss Ruth! She slipped fast and quietly out of the press after kissing her "children," and hearing one little sob upon Helen's shoulder, and betook herself to the darkest corner of the conservatory, where she had her cry out in a comfortable style. She, alone, beside her nephew and his wife, knew the secret of Robert's dishonorable defection and the consequent denouement between the real lovers; and she acquiesced cordially in Aleck's application of the good old-fashioned doctrines that "those who truly love one another ought to marry," and that "the sooner a false step is corrected the better;" yet she had been taken so by surprise; her limited range of ideas and conjectures been so abruptly enlarged; her grief at Robert's inexplicable behavior so sincere; her dread of compromising him, and annoying Aleck and his bride so great, that it was no wonder she was, to use her own language, "fairly upset."

Her privacy was soon invaded. She mopped up the streaming tears at sight of a white dress and the sound of light, hurried footsteps.

"I came to look for you, Aunt Ruth," said Lily Calvert, winding her arms about the old lady's neck, and sinking to her knees beside her. "I have nobody else to whom I can speak—and speak I must or my brain will go wild. You will never repeat what I say, will you?"

"Yes—yes—dear!" murmured Aunt Ruth.

"That is, I would say, 'No,' my love!"

"You know everything, do you not? Robert has often told me that he kept nothing hidden from you. You must know why, and where he is gone?"

"Yes!" assented Miss Ruth, distressfully.

"Don't speak so sadly, please! You wound me to the quick. I had looked for charitable judgment from you. Indeed—indeed he could not help it, Aunt Ruth! You would not have blamed him if you had known all he had to bear—for he saw that Helen did not love him, and—*that I did!*"

She whispered the last three words and buried her face in the listener's lap.

"Yes!"

Despite the objurgations Aleck had in his aunt's hearing, and the early transports of his indignation launched against Lily's coquetry and treachery, the charitable spinster could not discard all tender thoughts of the child she had loved from the sad hour of her birth. Mrs. Calvert had been the friend of Miss Massie's girlhood, and for her sake she had first learned to love the daughter. To her Lily was always winsome and loving, and she believed in her still; sympathized in the emotions whose intensity she perceived without fully understanding. Her motherly hand softly patted the curly head as she thought how young the weeper was—how tender and delicate—how unfit to bear the sorrow that pressed out those great choking sobs.

"All may come right yet, dear, if you love one another—"

"If!" Lily reared her head eagerly. "I have seen that he did love me this long while, and others saw it too! But this morning there came this letter"—taking one from her bosom—"in which he tells me how dear I am, and begs me to meet him this evening—to go with him—to become his wife! And I would have done it—by this time we would have been together, never again to be parted, but for my cruel, cruel uncle! How he guessed my intention I cannot imagine, for only Solomon and Sylvia knew of it, and they would never betray me—but he overtook me on the road and forced me back. I can never forgive him—never!" Her eyes glowed and her fingers clutched the letter tightly. "I am not his slave! I want you to write to Robert, Aunt Ruth. I shall be watched too closely for me to attempt it. Tell him why I failed to join him. I cannot have him think that I was prevented by cowardice or indifference—and say, moreover, that if my life is spared I will yet escape and do as he wishes in defiance of my uncle's threats."

"Yes," said Aunt Ruth, doubtfully; "but, Lily, dear, there is nothing now to keep him away since Aleck and Helen are married. Doesn't it seem to you that it will be more proper to wait until he comes home, and let things go on naturally and smoothly? Then again I don't know where to direct my letter."

"To Washington! He writes that he will wait there for tidings of me should I fail to meet him. As to propriety, I detest the word!" cried the girl, passionately. "If you are hindered by such scruples, I will steal time to-night to write to him myself. Will you see that my letter is mailed?"

"Yes!" responded Aunt Ruth, yet more slowly and dubiously.

The equilibrium of her ideas was too effectually destroyed by the strange events of the past few hours for her to offer any decided protest against becoming Cupid's postwoman. When she journeyed homeward at midnight, still dazed and wondering, no one part of the performances she had witnessed was more unreal to her than the fact that in her pocket, nestled among the folds of her immaculate handkerchief, reposed a billet whose superscription, hastily scrawled in a fine feminine hand, was "Mr. Robert C. Lay, Washington, D. C."

Harvey Floyd proved himself to be the nonpareil of kinsmen and groomsmen on that trying evening. Having, as an indispensable preliminary, exorcised his conscience by a potent adjuration in the names of expediency and good nature, he gayly assumed the role of master of ceremonies; circulated freely among the curious and suspicious guests; joking, laughing and lying, as he moved; "pooh-poohing" at insinuations of unfair play toward the absent bridegroom; declaring that he had been the confidante of all three of the parties concerned in this "capital hoax" ever since its inception; had known that Robert was looking after Aleck's interests, while people believed that he was pleading his own cause; had often laughed with him at the adroit manner in which the wool was pulled over people's eyes, etc., etc., etc.

"But how did it happen that neither Colonel or Mrs. Floyd was cognisant of the true state of the affair?" questioned the shrewd ones.

"In for a penny, in for a pound!" whispered Harvey to his drugged conscience, as it stirred in its sleep, and he replied *sotto voce*, with a meaning wink—"Colonel never liked Aleck—opposed his marrying his ward. My worthy relative is a trifle 'kinky,' as we all know. Had no objection to Robert. Since he could make no legal opposition to the match, both parties being of age, he vamosed so soon as he was informed who the veritable benedict was to be. The thing had gone to far for him to stop it, but he wouldn't look on. D'ye understand?"

And even the shrewd ones were so verdant as to believe that they *did* understand. Helen was voted "undutiful," "unfeminine," and "fast," by the sober adherents to custom and form; "spunky," "resolute" and "devoted," by the more youthful and romantic portion of the company.

"You are the biggest story teller I ever heard of!" declared Virginia Shore to the laughing bride. "And to think of your carrying it so far as to pretend that you were going to wear those contemptible rosebuds as your only ornaments, when you intended to behave like a Christian woman, and sport the pearls! It must be owned that you look like a queen in them. Doesn't she, Mr. Lay? But for all that if I were your confessor, I would make you walk ten miles with peas in your shoes for such abominable fibbing. And, now, I am just aspiring to know one thing. If your tongue can speak the truth, after its long and diligent practice in the other line, I wish you would tell me where Mr. Robert is. It is the one unaccountable circumstance in the unravelled plot—and excuse me, my dear—I must say that it has a queer look!"

Aleck came to Helen's relief so promptly that her hesitation at this very direct question was not noticed.

"Until this morning, Miss Virginia, my brother had never intimated an intention of absenting himself on this interesting occasion. Before breakfast he received a letter calling him from home upon urgent business. The summons was imperative and admitted of not even an hour's delay."

Lily was passing when Virginia's mention of Robert's name struck her ear, and she involuntarily stopped to listen. Aleck gained her eye at the beginning of his reply, and did not release it until he concluded—held it by a gaze of such significant contempt that, as he said to himself, if the girl retained one grain of self-respect or shame, she must quail beneath its questioning. She did indeed change countenance, but it was a look of incredulity or surprise, not conscious and detected guilt. He let her alone after that. She had no ground to lose in his estimation, and whatever might be his opinion of her course and motives, he, of all the world, had least cause to murmur at the result of these.

Mrs. Floyd—as she was accustomed to sweep in after days—would never have lived through that evening but for the support of Harvey's unblushing mendacity and Aleck Lay's ready tact. Nor was Helen backward in sustaining her aunt in her difficult position. Laying aside her stiff stateliness, enjoined by etiquette upon the bride, she deported herself as the daughter of the house, who was mindful of her guests' comfort and pleasure, and in considering these lost sight of the novelty of her own position. She did not dance, but she was careful that no lady who wished to do so should lack a partner; she chatted chilly and freely with matrons; replied merrily to the badinage of the elderly gentlemen, who were not sparing in their comments upon the extraordinary character of her nuptial ceremonies; privily directed waiters, and as privately suggested forgotten duties to the mistress of the establishment. She was incalculably more valuable to her perplexed and wearied aunt than was Lily, who spoke and acted all the while like one in a trance. Never did hostess, especially one by nature and practice, so hospitable as was the lady of Bellevirw, hail the departure of visitors so joyfully as did she the first stir of leave-taking among those whose coming she had greeted with unfeigned cordiality. The colonel had not yet returned, when, at three o'clock in the morning, she threw her wearied limbs and aching head upon her couch, too tired and full of pain to speculate on her lonely pillow as to the cause of his prolonged absence. She slept soon and soundly, so profoundly, that she did not know when the absentee came in, and was awakened at last by the broad light of morning.

"Bless my life! It is eight o'clock!" she exclaimed, springing up, "and I never even heard Amy make the fire! When did you come in, and why didn't you wake me, colonel?"

Her husband was at the toilette table shaving himself. Apparently, his hand was not very steady, for the lather he had scraped from his chin was streaked with blood, and the razor inflicted a deep gash as his wife spoke. She had scarcely expected any answer other than the one which came—a bitter oath—and, to tell the truth, she was much more concerned about the wedding breakfast and the probable condition of the rooms used by the company the previous evening than affected by his humor.

He surprised her by a query before her hurried dressing was completed.

"How did your dear five hundred friends take the news that there could be no wedding, for want of a bridegroom?" he growled between his teeth.

"Sure enough! How forgetful I am! You were not here when it all came out!" Mrs. Floyd checked herself in the act of lowering her dress over her head. "I don't know how to tell you, or where to begin. It was all so unexpected, even to me! How she contrived to keep it a secret up to the last minute I cannot divine; but she did, and fooled us all completely. And to think that Aleck Lay could play the hypocrite as well as she did—and Robert too! I wouldn't have believed it of him! I always thought that he had such an open heart and honest tongue. I declare it beats everything I ever heard or dreamed of!"

She was interrupted by a profane ejaculation, and an order "to say what she had to say, and to stop that infernal gabble!"

"Why, my love, I was just going to tell you! Did you ever suspect that she was not in love with him? that she was throwing dust in our eyes all this time, even when she was making up her wedding clothes and accepting her wedding presents? When Mr. Bradley commenced the ceremony I really thought that I should faint outright. And nobody knew it except Harvey, and I must say that he behaved very unhandsomely in not giving me a hint. Mercy on us, colonel! what's the matter?"

He had turned about, his back to the table, leaning heavily against it; the razor in his hand; his complexion nearly as colorless as the foam yet left upon his cheeks.

"Ceremony! what ceremony?" he said, in a guttural whisper.

"Why the marriage service, to be sure, over Aleck Lay and Helen Gardner. They were married about nine o'clock, and—oh!"

She rushed forward with a scream, in season to prevent his falling to the floor, seating him instead in an easy chair that was luckily close at hand, and supported the heavy head, swaying helplessly to and fro. Her frightened cry speedily brought help. A gang of bustling, terrified servants collected around him; stripped off his outer clothing, loosened his collar and cravat, and bore him to the bed. By the time they reached this stage of proceedings, he had revived so far as to speak, but so inarticulate was his primary attempt, that his wife begged him to repeat it. He did, with an angry effort.

"Booker!"

"Run for Booker—some of you!" ordered Mrs. Floyd. "Do you want him to go for the doctor, dear?" she inquired tenderly.

He breathed hard and loudly; his forehead was dark still with the dangerous flood that had rushed up to the brain, yet he scowled at her; lifted his hand menacingly towards the flock of negroes.

"Out! every one of them!" he managed to say, more distinctly now.

The violence of the attack was passing. Booker did not obey the summons with especial alacrity. He was asleep when it was brought to his house, and awoke unwillingly; arose, sullen. Mrs. Floyd was banished, as her menials had been, at the entrance of this high and saucy functionary. For half an hour, she was kept waiting without the chamber, while a low conference went on inside. Her lord was manifestly better when the janitor permitted her return to the bedside—better in body—but in temper, as ill-conditioned as mortal could well be. After an infinite amount of argument and persuasion, she prevailed upon him to admit the physician, for whom a messenger had been dispatched, two hours before; and those she was not forbidden the privilege, she remained in the room during his stay.

Colonel Floyd had ridden twenty miles the night before, he stated to the medical man,—"upon a false scent"—he interpolated, savagely,—had eaten nothing, and slept none. The consequence was a rush of blood to the head—a trifle not worth mentioning, but women were such fools!

Convinced, upon examination, that the colonel was really not severe, and his patient in no peril of his life, the doctor recommended a little cooling medicine and a day's quiet; buttoned up his coat, picked up his saddle-bags, and prepared to go.

"The weather has moderated," he remarked to Mrs. Floyd, in quitting the apartment. "We shall have more by night."

She accompanied him down stairs; received an additional direction as to care, and thought her husband's presence. He had rallied his spirits, and dragged another pillow under his head; raised himself high enough to enable him to look out of the window across the bed.

"Didn't the doctor say there would be snow to-day?" he asked, in ill dissembled eagerness.

"Yes, it is clouding up fast. We shall have falling weather, by noon I think. Aleck and Helen are about going, my dear. Do you feel able to say 'good-bye' to them?"

"If I did, they should not cross that threshold!" he said, vehemently. "Tell them I say, 'begone!' and send my curse after them."

Mrs. Floyd wisely and politely concluded to modify this suitable message in the delivery; so, the bridal pair were only told how sorry she was that the colonel was too seriously indisposed to see them, and that the doctor had enjoined absolute quiet.

The dinner-party at Greenfield was to proceed, as had been contemplated before the late momentous changes. This was decided upon, partly to gratify Miss Ruth, partly to appease the suspicions of those who obstinately cherished the idea that there was something wrong behind the scenes; the incorrigible skeptics, whom even Harvey Floyd could not lie into belief of the story he promulgated so industriously.

The fields were like unwritten white paper; the roads were growing heavy with drifts, and it was still snowing hard, when, at dusk, a carriage drove up to the ancient mansion of Maple Hill, and Aleck assisted his wife to alight. Neither of them would remain under Robert's roof longer than was necessary for appearance's sake. Both longed for quiet and home. Busy hands had been at work within doors all day. The windows were ruddy with fire-light, and the young husband led his bride from the raw, chill outer air into a large, old-fashioned hall, well lighted and warm, where were ranged a score of family servants, dressed in holiday attire, and profuse of smiles and courtesies to their new mistress.

"The blessin' of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob be upon 'em!" groaned a pompous voice from the head of the line.

Helen tried to say "Thank you!" but the effort expired in stifled mirth.

"The egregious blockhead!" said Aleck, fretted and yet amused, as having spoken a kind word of acknowledgment to his dependants, he conducted Helen into the parlor; seated her in a great chair, and undid her bonnet and cloak. "The preposterous humbug! A padlock for his mouth, to be worn constantly, except at meal times, would be an admirable regimen for him."

"Petronius—was it not?" asked Helen, still laughing.

"Of course it was! By the way, I must have a talk with him to-morrow. It was he who brought that letter to Greenfield yesterday afternoon. I omitted in my excitement then to ask him at what point of the road he met Robert. I would like to inquire into the particulars of their interview. Why are you shivering, love? Are you cold?"

"No! only a passing chill. I have a strange aversion to speaking of yesterday, or of anything connected with—with—what might have happened."

She was very pale, and trembled visibly. Aleck leaned over to kiss her—put his arm about her.

"Why, you dear little goose! the danger is all over now—your fate is sealed! You are a captive, and your jailer is a perpetual institution."

She smiled mutely; then her head drooped upon his shoulder, and there was silence for a while.

"Speaking of Petronius reminds me of the evening service we attended at Mr. Shore's, some weeks ago," resumed Aleck cheerfully, to dispel any remnant of unpleasant feeling that might be lingering in her mind. Do you recollect the bit of paper whose line chagrined Lily so much?"

"Yes. I know that you had it then, although I dared not thank you for the theft."

He took out his pocket-book. "See here!" opening an inner compartment.

"Why did you keep it?" asked Helen, catching at the soiled and creased leaf.

"Because I read there, in your handwriting, that it was 'dangerous to play with edge tools,' responded Aleck, 'and my own disappointed heart responded to the truth of the maxim. I preserved it as a monitor for future direction. The consequence was that I had made up my mind to live and die a crusty, fusty old bachelor!"

With a gesture of playful petulance, that

brought back to him the memory of her girl days, Helen put her head over his mouth, and tossed the paper into the fire.

"I am glad it storms!" she said presently, looking at the snow-encrusted panes. "It makes our home so much the more cozy and dear."

While they mused, with locked hands, tenderly-smiling lips, and eyes full of happy light, upon the sweet-ness wrapped up in that little phrase—"our home"—Colonel Floyd's chamber was dark, save for a feeble glimmer from the fire he would not allow to be replenished, and the waning gray light from the windows. Upon these his haggard eyes were fixed, as they had been, from the commencement of the storm, glowing, with a sort of greedy satisfaction, which was enigmatical to his attendants, over its continuance and increasing fury. Not until the last ray of daylight had vanished, and he could no longer discern the falling flakes between him and the leaden sky, would he listen to his wife's solicitations that she might have the curtains lowered, and wood and candles brought in.

At nine o'clock, Booker appeared, to inquire after his master's condition, and receive his orders for the night. Lily happened to be present at the moment. Her uncle had insisted upon seeing her, on her return from the dinner at Greenfield, as if to assure himself that she was actually in the house. She was a heart-sore and peevish creature, throughout that lonely evening, but ungraciously promised obedience to his further command that she should see him again before retiring to rest. It was upon this second visit that Booker encountered her.

"What of the weather?" questioned Colonel Floyd of his retainer.

"Snowing faster than ever, sir. The drifts will be four foot deep by morning."

"Good!" The sick man settled himself in his bed, with a grunt of satisfaction.

Booker continued,

"And upon ground so hard frose as it is now, the snow will lie three weeks and better."

"I don't see why that should be so desirable as you seem to think!" said Lily, crossly, shrugging her shoulders. "We will have bad roads all spring."

"Hold your tongue, you jade, and go to bed!" said her uncle, furiously.

"That's because you don't understand, you see, Miss Lily," answered Booker, demurely. "Deep snows are prime for the winter wheat—and for everything else that's in the ground, for that matter. Good night, sir! I hope you'll sleep well!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Two months had passed since the wedding which had set the tongues of the neighborhood wagging, as only an out-of-the-way marriage, or shocking murder can do. It was a mild, soft afternoon, in the latter part of February, and Helen Lay stood at the front window of her pretty parlor, watching the winding road that led up to the house. Aleck had been absent four days, on a business trip to Baltimore, and this evening was to end their first separation. How keenly she had felt it, might be gathered from her restless movements about the room, when her eyes became weary of straining into the unsatisfactory distance; her changeful color and quickened attention at sight of any far-off moving object, or any sound that fancy could construe into the rumble of wheels or beat of hoofs.

"He won't come while you are looking for him, my dear," observed Aunt Ruth, with a quiet smile, from her seat at the fire.

But, placid as she looked, and steadily as grew the stocking under her fingers, she was not free from impatience herself, and inwardly rejoiced in the signs of anxiety which the young wife could not conceal. They were tributes to her "boy's" worth, proofs of the affection borne him by his best beloved. Helen blushed, and tried to laugh; then came and sat down beside the diligent spinster.

"I believe that I am 'fidgetty' to-night, as Virginia Shore calls it; but it is not altogether the desire to see Aleck again, although I do not deny that that feeling is strong. I am oppressed by the idea of some impending sorrow—a presentiment that something sad or disagreeable is to befall me. You have felt such, Aunt Ruth, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Then you know how hard it is to shake these off."

"Yes!"

Miss Ruth sighed—a respiration telling of a volume of like experiences.

"Not that I believe in omens or presentiments," continued Helen, bravely—"only, when one is a little excited from other causes, a notion of this kind fastens more easily upon the mind. I have not been very happy to-day; not nearly so buoyant of spirits as I should be. Lily's countenance, as I saw it yesterday at church, has haunted me ever since. You must have observed how sadly she has changed."

"Yes, dear!" Aunt Ruth said, in intonation and look—"who could help noticing the poor child? I never saw a sadder wreck in my whole life."

"I wish, for her sake, that Robert would come home," Helen resumed, pensively. "His movements are a complete riddle to me. They vex Aleck grievously, too. He has written to Robert five or six times, but the two letters we have received from the runaway make no mention of his having heard from us. The suspense is hard for the brother to endure, what must it be to Lily—poor girl! Hist!"

The faint echo that had entered her ear grew louder.

"Yes!" nodded Aunt Ruth, smilingly, in answer to the brightening eyes and lifted fingers.

They hearkened a minute longer. A carriage was certainly approaching.

"I will not stir until it stops!" said Helen, positingly, her cheeks are flush of crimson. "You shall see how well I can behave!"

She fulfilled her promise to the letter; but there was scanty evidence of the spirit of patient awaiting in her gladsome exclamation and rapid flight to the hall door when the wheels ceased to move. The vehicle, a buggy driven by a negro, was similar in appearance to that which had been sent to the depot for the absent master of Maple Hill. It had ' ' '

NEWS ITEMS.

SANDUSKY CLIPPER.—The Fall River News states that the Pocasset Company found in fifteen bales of cotton no less than 2,700 pounds of sand, seed, dirt, and other refuse material, packed among the cotton. Three hundred pounds of sand cotton seed were found in one bale.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The Georgia Southern Union has come out in favor of a reconstruction of the old Union. The Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy then greets the proposal of the Georgia Southern Union:—"We advise the editor (Mr. Murray) to go to New England, believing him to be unfriendly to the country in which he lives, and that Massachusetts is the only suitable place for him. He is unworthy of a residence in the Confederacy. The sooner he goes the better for him. Better leave at once and be consistent before invited to go."

THE main army of the Cumberland has not moved from its quarters at Murfreesboro, the defective steamboats were only fought by detached portions on scouting and reconnoitering duty.

THE recent Union cavalry raid on the Rappahannock ford is mentioned in the rebel papers, but they do not give the result of the fight. They construe it into an advance upon Gordonsville.

THE subscriptions to the five-twenty loan for the last six days, at the different agencies, foot up two millions.

THE order from the War Department requiring all persons liable to military service who wished to go abroad to give bonds has been revoked, except in those states which have not given their full complement of nine months men. Citizens of Pennsylvania, therefore, will not be subjected to give bonds.

A PARTY of rebels crossed from Vicksburg about a week since to cut the levee at the mouth of the canal, but they were all captured and sent up the river.

THE Mississippi is rising slowly. The officers of the Indianola are in Vicksburg. A few shells were thrown into the city by the gunboat Lafayette, but no reply was made.

SECRETARY CHASE is reported to be about making arrangements with capitalists for a new loan.

BRIGADIER Gen. Alfred W. Ellet has organized a marine brigade for service in the western rivers. At present it consists of one regiment of infantry, a batallion of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. The quarters are on board of fast steamers, by which the men are transported from place to place as they are needed. The boats are defended against rifle shot and grape by heavy oak timbers, and that part around the boilers and machinery is iron plated.

U. S. TREASURY notes are said to sell at $3.30 the dollar in Rebeldom.

THE health of the army at Vicksburg is said to be improving. It is believed that the Lake Providence canal scheme would be entirely successful. A large number of transports and gunboats have gone up Yazoo Pass, the capture of Vicksburg depending upon the movement.

TREASURY REGULATIONS FOR TEMPORARY DEPOSITS, &c.—It is officially announced at the Treasury Department that after forward no temporary deposits of gold will be received, the receipts from customs being amply sufficient for present needs; that five instead of four per cent. will be paid on temporary deposits of Treasury notes, and that fifty per cent. will be paid on warrants in lawful money and fifty per cent. in certificates of indebtedness, instead of twenty-five per cent. only in money.

DUANE ESTATE.—The Committee on Railroads in the Senate of New York, have reported a bill to legalize the use of dummy engines on any railroad in the State, operated with steam or horse power. The bill applies to any roads now built or hereafter to be built, or whether located within or outside of the limits of any city or town.

THE New York Court of Appeals has decided against the right of railroad companies to take streets or high ways for laying tracks without compensating the owners of adjacent property. Five of the Judges concurred in the decision, one gave no opinion, and two dissented.

EXTEMPORE praying is a queer thing sometimes. It allows the supplicant very wide license of speech, which occasionally produces whimsical consequences. For example, the Rev. Mr. Shine, Chaplain of the House of Representatives in the Iowa Legislature, on the opening of a session, prayed thus: "Bless, Thou, the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, the Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undefiled religion! for Christ's sake. Amen!"

"A GRISWOLD FOR AN ALABAMA."—There is a beautiful thought in the address of the ladies of England, in reply to Mrs. Stowe. "You have sent us the Griswold for the Alabama." Not "a Roland for an Oliver," not tit for tat, but good for evil. Let it pass into a saying in our mother tongue, "a Griswold for an Alabama," when good is returned for evil.

GREAT RISE OF GOLD IN RICHMOND.—Gold has gone up to four hundred per cent in Richmond, and what is deemed good authority reports private transactions to a considerable amount at as high as six hundred per cent.

THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FRIGATES.—Four of those vessels have returned from their experimental voyage to Portugal, and the naval reporter of the London Times says that the plates are loose, and that the vessels are not in a condition to go out to sea now. The impression of the writer seems to be that the fastening of iron plates to the wooden hull will not answer the purposes desired. It appears as though our little fleet of Monitors were the most formidable iron-clad fleet afloat.

REBEL newspapers received at Cincinnati contain detailed accounts of a raid in Northern Alabama by a brigade of Union troops under Colonel Corwin. The expedition was accompanied by five gunboats, and reached Tuscumbia on February 22d, at which place two ferry boats were destroyed. Another was destroyed at Florence. The Union advance guard put to flight part of the rebel cavalry at Tuscumbia, and took possession of the town. An assessment was levied on the wealthy rebels. On the 25th Colonel Corwin and his command proceeded into the interior, taking considerable plunder with him.

A LETTER from Hilton Head, dated the 16th inst., says that the latest intelligence from the Black Brigade, which is now marching into Florida, is that it has taken many important points, and captured many prisoners, with large quantities of ammunition and supplies. They are still driving the rebels before them.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK ARMIES.

The Richmond Examiner, of the 19th, has an extraordinary leader, the tone of which is evidently intended to prepare the public mind of the South for serious reverses to the Confederate arms on the line of the Rappahannock. It commences with the following significant language:—"Active operations of the chief Federal army, under Hooker, are now commenced, and either a decisive battle, or the retreat of the army commanded by Lee, must be the speedy consequence. The latter contingency is possible, if not at all probable; and another heavy struggle over the line of the Rappahannock may be safely anticipated."

After speaking upon the supposed plans of General Hooker, and the strength and probabilities of the success of Lee's forces, the editor remarks:—"If, however, the Confederate General's force is not sufficiently numerous to prevent the completion of the manœuvre, it is supposed that no course remains but to fall back upon some point nearer Richmond, and give the enemy battle at a greater distance from his base."

On the 20th there was a heavy fall of snow on the Rappahannock.

THE REBEL CONSCRIPTION.—The Southern law is nothing but relentless conscription, and in its most aggravative and despotic form. It includes all white male persons between the ages of 18 and 35, who are required to enroll themselves under penalty of being treated as deserters. The enrollment act of our Congress includes only male persons between 20 and 45, and exempts persons physically and mentally unfit, the only sons of dependent widows, and the only sons of aged or infirm parents depending for support upon their children. The parents may select out of several drafted sons which shall be exempt. The father or motherless children, the only brother of orphan children under twelve years of age are exempt, and two sons out of any family having a father and son already in the army. The rebels exempt no white man from military duty except such as have twenty slaves. Their conscription law exempts all the slaves owned by the planters. It continues in service for three years longer all who had been previously enlisted or volunteered and whose term of service would have expired within the year. It allows no bounty and has no fixed price for substitutes, so that instead of $300, as our law fixes, a substitute costs anything the necessities of the person drafted may oblige him to offer, even as high as $1,500 the advertisements in the southern papers show has been paid. If any Governor does not enroll the militia, Confederate officers are empowered to make the enrollment under such regulations as the President may prescribe.

THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF MEXICO.—A report through rebel newspapers, states that the French have captured the city of Mexico. According to the last authentic reports, the French were about to move on Puebla, on the 23d of February, yet the report of the capture of the City of Mexico is mentioned in the Galveston papers of the 9d inst., allowing only one week for the French to march from Orizaba to Puebla, 60 miles, and thence to the City of Mexico, which is about 60 miles further, and the news to return to Galveston by the 9d inst. This would be uncommonly quick work, even if the way was entirely open to the French; but, as Puebla was defended by 24,000 Mexicans, and the City of Mexico was capable of another stout defence, it is not very likely that they have passed over this intervening 120 miles and reduced the country within the space of three or four days, as the source and date of the intelligence would require. The news requires confirmation before it can be credited.

A FOREIGN LOAN OFFERED TO MR. CHASE.—It is said that Mr. Chase has received an offer of a loan from abroad, which it is probable he will accept. It is not the offer alluded to in the journals a week ago. That came from England and France, and was not upon the most favorable terms.—This offer, which was made recently, upon the most favorable terms, by a distinguished German banking house, is under advisement. The offer is to take one hundred millions of dollars' worth of bonds, at something above par in currency. If accepted, it will of course give the Secretary the control of the exchange market for some time to come. It is evident that, whatever misfortunes may happen to the cause of the Government this spring, the Secretary will be abundantly supplied with money with which to prosecute the war. There is no longer any doubt upon the subject, and the anxiety of the Government is not for money, but for military successes.

SINGULAR DIFFICULTY.—The Jersey City Standard has an account of a singular difficulty which has occurred at the chemical works in that city. It appears that the greater portion of the workmen employed are foreigners, either naturalized or otherwise, and that the former made up their minds that the latter, who have enjoyed the blessings and protection of our government for many years, should not screen themselves behind their nonexistence to avoid the prospective draft. Therefore, it was insisted that they should take out papers of naturalization; and it being declined, it was determined by the others to drive them from the works. This was immediately put into summary execution, though no violence was used. A similar course, it is said, has been pursued at the Zinc Works.

STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS.—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, writes to the Indian Bureau, under date of February 16-h, that a delegation of Moquis Indians has just visited him. They are from New Mexico, where they live in stone houses, and are devoted to agricultural pursuits. They are called White or Welsh Indians, and appear by their figure and face to have been of white extraction. They have seven towns or villages, and have never been visited by whites except Mormons or Mexicans. The Navahoes frequently attack them and drive off their flocks and herds.

☞ The late Mr. Sands sued a wealthy damsel for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his bleeding heart. "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed he, "for ruined hopes, disappointed love, and a blasted life! Two hundred pounds for all this! No—never! Make it guineas, and it's a bargain!"

WAR'S GRIEF AND TERRIBLE SIDE.

A chaplain in the army is acknowledging gifts from home for his regiment, thus writes:—

It is a very pleasant thought to the soldier that friends at home still hold him in remembrance; and could those friends see the avidity with which he seizes on letters and packages, by mail or express they would feel amply repaid for all labor of writing or sending.

I suppose that I, more than any other man in the regiment, am permitted to see the secret chain that unites the hearts of soldiers with loving hearts at home. Every now and then one shows me a ministure, or tells me of a dear child that sends a message of love to papa, or brings to me a letter from a loving mother, full of earnest counsel and tender sympathy. Ah! war is not all pomp and glitter, with gleaming of banners and rolling of drums.

Nor is it all, either, the deadly conflict, with its gaping wounds and stiffening forms of dead men slain. It has its quiet and tender side as well; and sometimes the most reckless and hardened soldier, whose every sentence is blotted by an oath, will open the little secret casket in his heart where he keeps in concealment a little treasure of love, and let me look upon the gem in all its beauty.

It is the duty, and should be the pleasure of those at home to do all they can to encourage any feeling that will keep gentle and pure their dear ones who are in the army. One great means of doing this is found in just such evidences of interest as this boz gave.

ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Paseo, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, whilst a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the over-ripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances bruin threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider even involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Cuffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of duck-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and bruin speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks, the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death. "Thus," said the hunter, with pardonable vanity, "I killed a bear and a wild-boar with a charge of No. 7 shot, which I believe nobody else has ever done."

☞ GOOD NEWS FOR MAINE.—Dr. R. P. Stevens, in a paper read before the Geographical Society in New York, predicts that new land will arise out of the sea, which will result in such a change of climate that Maine and Canada will be as warm as Southern France, while Labrador itself will become fertile. We suppose the doctor wouldn't fix the precise date of this happy change.

☞ An exchange tells the following simple story of a little child kneeling by his bed to pray, as he retired for the night. He said:—"Dear Heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside the gate when mother tells me not to."

☞ One of the "personal" correspondents at Washington describes Mrs. Swisshelm as "fearfully clever. You look at her, listen to her, and feel sure that she could take a ship across the ocean; that she could command a brigade, govern a state, and have superfluous power left for infinite infinitesimal purposes."

☞ A Western paper strikes the name of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

☞ Governor Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, said in a recent speech, "as far cotton the world existed nearly six thousand years without its being an article of prime necessity, and if a little more wool, flax and hemp is grown, the world will scarcely feel its loss."

☞ Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb is a little patriot. She has a brother in the Union service, and at the White House levee, said, if necessary, she was willing for her husband to volunteer!

☞ Let every well read man remember that the "tree of knowledge" was not the "tree of life."

☞ WASTE OF PUNCTUALITY.—There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only act earnestly about it. Life is really too short for me to be able to waste half of it in waiting.—*Miss Bremer.*

☞ A negro girl entered a variety store and asked for "some filibarty flaps, Sabbeday coolers." She wanted a fan!

☞ An old New Jersey farmer is very desirous to come upon the earth 25 years hence, "just to take a good look at the size of a New Jersey bushel basket, particularly in Cape May!"

☞ The fares at Philadelphia is now running the centre fares upon nickels. The results are about $8,000 a day in nickel.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been dull and declining, and sales only moderate. The week's sales reach some 5000 bbls in lots, mostly for export, at $5 75@6 00 for common to fair extra, $6 12@6 50 for extra, and $6 75@7 00 for family and fancy brands. The sales to the trade are limited within the same range of prices for superfine, extra and fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is dull and nearly nominal at $5 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull, but about $4,000 bbls have been sold at $3 75@4 for Pennsylvania, and $4,12½ bbl for Brandywine, which is lower.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and 1@2c ₱ bus lower, with sales of only about 30,000 bus to note at $1 36@1 75 for fair to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania red, in store, and $1,38 to $1,40 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is quiet, and Pennsylvania has been selling at 100@102c afloat. Corn is better, and about 97,000 bus sold at 69@70c, in store and afloat, mostly at 69@70c. Oats are also better and very active, with sales of 150,000 bus, mostly Southern, at 73@76c for 32 lbs, the latter for heavy lots, and 69@70c for light, measure. Barley is better, Pennsylvania and Western selling at 145@150c, mostly at the latter rate for prime. Barley Malt is be-d at 135@140c, with small sales.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little inquiry for bold meats, and we quote Hams, fancy sugar cured $14½@15 for old, and $13½@14 ₱ bbl for new, at which rates it is freely offered. Dressed Hogs are scarce and in demand at 9¾@9¾c ₱ lb. Mess Beef is steady and the demand moderate at $12@13 for Western and city packed Mess. Bacon is arriving and selling slowly at 9@10c for plain and fancy Hams, and 6½@7c for Shoulders. Green Meats move off freely at 8½@9c for pickled Hams; 7½@8c for salt do, with sales of 1000 pkgs at these rates; 6¾@7c for Shoulders, and 6¾@6¾c for Shoulders in salt, and the latter more active. Of Lard the receipts and sales are limited at 11¾@11¾c for prime Western, in bbls and tcs; 12@12½c for kegs, and 10@11c for country in irregular pkgs. Butter is scarce and high; sold ranges at 14@23c, and Roll at 20@30c, and the demand good. Cheese is also firm, with sales at 14@16c ₱ lb. Eggs are unsettled and quoted at 18@20c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market for this staple is unsettled and drooping, and prices at the close are 2@3c ₱ lb lower than last week; about 180 bales have been disposed of at 76@83c for Middlings, and good Middlings, and 70@72c for inferior and ordinary quality, closing dull at 76@80c.

ASHES continue firm, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—There is very little arriving, and 1st No 1 Quercitron meets with ready sale at $38 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at full prices.

BEESWAX.—The receipts are light, and the market for good Yellow firm, with sales of 3000 lbs at 46@47c ₱ lb.

COAL.—The recent cold weather has caused more activity in the demand, both for shipment and home use, and there is rather more inquiry to go east.

COFFEE.—The market continues dull and the stock on sale light, with a very limited demand from the trade, and only some 800 bags have been disposed of, mostly Rio, sold by auction at from 30 to 34½c, cash, including Laguayra at 32@33c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull, with about the usual business doing in Yellow Metal at 33c for sheets, and 31c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS meet with a limited demand, and good Western sell as wanted at 45@47c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are moderate at $3@3,50 ₱ bbl for Green Apples, 4@6c ₱ lb. for Dried do, and 6@10c for unpeeled Peaches, the latter for prime halves; pared Peaches are scarce and high.

HAY meets with a steady demand at 85@95c for 100 lbs for good Timothy.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the sales are limited to previous quotations.

HOPS are firm but quiet at 27@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for pig metal is firm. Sales of 1000 tons of Anthracite at $36@37 for No 1; $34@35 for No 2; $33@35 for No 3, cash and 4 months, and 1000 tons foreign private. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers. Manufactured iron is firm.

LEAD.—The market is less firm, with more Galena offering, and buyers are holding off for lower prices. A sale of 1200 pigs is reported at 10c cash.

LUMBER.—The busy season has not yet opened, but the market is firm and more active. We quote White Pine Boards at $36@42; Yellow Pine do at $30, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $9@10. Laths sell in lots from the yards at $1,00@3 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is firm; some small sales of Cuba have been made at 40@42c for Clayed and Muscovado, and 500 bbls New Orleans at 47@50c, cash and four months.

PLASTER.—There is little or none coming in, and we quote soft in demand and scarce at $5½ ₱ ton.

RICE.—There is very little offering, and the market is quiet at 7¾@8¾c for East India.

SEEDS.—The demand for both Clover and Timothy has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, the former ranging at from 8½ to 9c, and the latter at $4@4,25 ₱ bus. Red Top is better, and 2000 sacks sold to go East at $3,12½@3,25 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum sells slowly at 68@70c. Whiskey is dull and selling in a small way only at 40@50c for Pa and Ohio bbls, and 44@46c for Drs.

SUGAR.—The market is very firm and quiet, sales of 750 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10¾@12c, and Porto Rico at 11¼@12c, on time.

TALLOW is dull and unsettled, city selling at 12¾@12¾c, and country at 11¾@12¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market is quiet, and the demand for leaf and manufactured limited at about previous rates, with rather more offering.

WOOL.—Buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and the sales of domestic are very light at from 90c to $1 for medium and fine fleece, cash and short time. Of foreign, further sales of Cordova are reported at full prices ranging from 57 to 61c cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1374 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 10¾ cts ₱ lb. 60 cows brought from $40 to 53 ₱ head. 1400 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ₱ lb. gross. 500 Hogs at from $7,50 to 8,25 ₱ cwt, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM KRAMER, to Miss SUSAN COAR, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the same, Mr. ISAAC RUTAN, to Miss ANNIE HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. CHARLES E. MEDCAL, to Mrs. LAURA A. RUTAN.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to Miss FANNIE R. DUNN, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Mr. JOHN T. KENNEDY, to Miss MARY A. GALLAGHER, daughter of Rob't. Gallagher, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOSEPH T. ——, of New Jersey, to Miss C. THAYER, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. W. Collerd, Mr. CHARLES S. MARIN, to Miss MARGARET A. CLAYTER, both of Chester, Pa.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. R. McCullough, Mr. HARRY CLARK, to Miss EMMA L. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD L. RAY, to Miss EMMA E. MILLS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mr. WILLIAM PATTERSON, in his 85d year.

On the 17th instant, JOHN BRONSON, a native of Prussia, aged 76 years.

On the 17th instant, ANN ALCORN, wife of Wm. Alcorn, aged 50 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY ALLEN, widow of the late Thos. Allen, in her 66th year.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS OSBORN, aged 73 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY P. RUE, wife of Jos. Rue, in her 61st year.

On the 15th instant, JOSEPH S. RILEY, Jr. in his 48th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. WORK, in his 47th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. JOHN BENFER, in his 73d year.

On the 14th instant, EDWARD CARR, in his 43d year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES GOODMAN, in his 56th year.

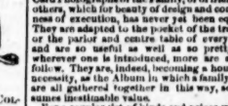
In Norristown, on the 12th instant, THOMAS W. POTTS, Esq. in his 67th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 21, 1863.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Canada,	60 prem.	Nebraska,	
Connecticut,	par.	New Brunswick,	10 dis.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
District of Columbia,	1 dis.	New Jersey,	1 to 1 dis.
Florida,	— dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	2 dis.	New York Country,	1 dis.
Illinois,	2 dis.	North Carolina,	10 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 1 dis.	Nova Scotia,	10 dis.
Iowa,	5 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,		Pennsylvania, par to	1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	par.
Louisiana,	20 dis.	South Carolina,	10 dis.
Maine,	par.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 2 dis.	Texas,	— dis.
Massachusetts,	par.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	11 dis.	Virginia,	20 dis.
Minnesota,	—	Wisconsin,	2 dis.
Mississippi,	—		



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AT REDUCED PRICES.

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No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	85,00
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Plain Table,	65,00
No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00
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Plain Table,	45,00

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the late Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON,
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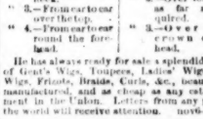

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—From round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as required.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-ow1y

TOBACCO SEED, COTTON SEED, FLAX SEED—For sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of ROGERS & GEST,
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$60 A MONTH!—We want Agents at $60

a month, expenses paid, to sell our new, useful and curious articles. 15 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.
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$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents

in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
jan3-3m

brought back to him the memory of her glad days, Helen put her hand over his mouth, and turned the paper into the fire.

"I am glad it storms!" she said presently, looking at the snow-encrusted panes. "It makes our home so much the more cosy and dear."

While they mused, with locked hands, tenderly-smiling lips, and eyes full of happy light, upon the sweet-one wrapped up in that little phrase—"our home"—Colonel Floyd's chamber was dark, save for a feeble glimmer from the fire he would not allow to be replenished, and the waning gray light from the windows. Upon those his haggard eyes were fixed, as they had been, from the commencement of the storm, gloating, with a sort of greedy satisfaction, which was enigmatical to his attendants, over its continuance and increasing fury. Not until the last ray of daylight had vanished, and he could no longer discern the falling flakes between him and the leaden sky, would he listen to his wife's solicitations that she might have the curtains lowered, and wood and candles brought in.

At nine o'clock, Booker appeared, to inquire after his master's condition, and receive his orders for the night. Lily happened to be present at the moment. Her uncle had insisted upon seeing her, on her return from the dinner at Greenfield, as if to assure himself that she was actually in the house. She was a heart-sore and peevish creature, throughout that lonely evening, but ungraciously promised obedience to his further command that she should see him again before retiring to rest. It was upon this second visit that Booker encountered her.

"What of the weather?" questioned Colonel Floyd of his retainer.

"Snowing faster than ever, sir. The drifts will be four foot deep by morning."

"Good!" The sick man settled himself in his bed, with a grunt of satisfaction.

Booker continued,

"And upon ground so hard frozen as it is now, the snow will lie three weeks and better."

"I don't see why that should be so desirable as you seem to think!" said Lily, crossly, shrugging her shoulders. "We will have bad roads all spring."

"Hold your tongue, you jade, and go to bed!" said her uncle, furiously.

"That's because you don't understand, you see, Miss Lily," answered Booker, demurely. "Deep snows are prime for the winter wheat—and for everything else that's in the ground, for that matter. Good night, sir! I hope you'll sleep well!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Two months had passed since the wedding which had set the tongues of the neighborhood wagging, as only an out-of-the-way marriage, or shocking murder can do. It was a mild, soft afternoon, in the latter part of February, and Helen Lay stood at the front window of her pretty parlor, watching the winding road that led up to the house. Aleck had been absent four days, on a business trip to Baltimore, and this evening was to end their first separation. How keenly she had felt it, might be gathered from her restless movements about the room, when her eyes became weary of straining into the unsatisfactory distance; her changeful color and quickened attention at sight of any far-off moving object, or any sound that fancy could construe into the rumble of wheels or beat of hoofs.

"He won't come while you are looking for him, my dear," observed Aunt Ruth, with a quiet smile, from her seat at the fire.

But, placid as she looked, and steadily as grew the stocking under her fingers, she was not free from impatience herself, and inwardly rejoiced in the signs of anxiety which the young wife could not conceal. They were tributes to her "boy's" worth, proofs of the affection borne him by his best beloved. Helen blushed, and tried to laugh; then came and sat down beside the diligent spinster.

"I believe that I am 'fidgetty' to-night, as Virginia Shore calls it; but it is not altogether the desire to see Aleck again, although I do not deny that that feeling is strong. I am oppressed by the idea of some impending sorrow—a presentiment that something sad or disagreeable is to befall me. You have felt such, Aunt Ruth, have you not?"

"Yes."

"Then you know how hard it is to shake these off."

"Yes!"

Miss Ruth sighed—a respiration telling of a volume of like experiences.

"Not that I believe in omens or presentiments," continued Helen, bravely—"only, when one is a little excited from other causes, a notion of this kind fastens more readily upon the mind. I have not been very happy to-day; not nearly so buoyant of spirits as I should be. Lily's countenance, as I saw it yesterday at church, has haunted me ever since. You must have observed how sadly she has changed."

"Yes, dear!" Aunt Ruth said, in intonation and look—"who could help noticing the poor child? I never saw a sadder wreck in my whole life."

"I wish, for her sake, that Robert would come home," Helen resumed, pensively. "His movements are a complete riddle to me. They vex Aleck grievously, too. He has written to Robert five or six times, but the two letters we have received from the runaway make no mention of his having heard from us. The suspense is hard for the brother to endure, what must it be to Lily—poor girl! Hist!"

The faint echo that had entered her ear grew louder.

"Yes!" nodded Aunt Ruth, smilingly, in answer to the brightening eyes and lifted fingers.

They hearkened a minute longer. A carriage was certainly approaching.

"I will not stir until it stops!" said Helen, pantingly, her cheeks are flush of crimson. "You shall see how well I can behave!"

She fulfilled her promise to the letter; but there was scanty evidence of the spirit of patient awaiting in her gladsome exclamation and rapid flight to the hall door when the wheels ceased to move. The vehicle, a buggy driven by a negro, was similar in appearance to that which had been sent to the depot for the absent master of Maple Hill. It had halted before the porch steps, and a gentleman was alighting when she appeared at the entrance. But his was not the joyous bound of a wedded lover; nor was it Aleck's figure and features that met her dismayed vision. The driver was Booker, his passenger Colonel Floyd. Chagrined and disconcerted though Helen was at the unexpected and unwelcome visit, she could not but remark the change in his person and movements effected by his recent sickness. His step was slow and languid; his hair whiter, and his eye had the furtive, uneasy glance of one disturbed by perpetual forebodings of evil, or harrassed by constant physical suffering.

"Aunt was right when she told me, the other day, that he was wofully broken," thought Helen, as with instinctive and lady-like hospitality, she offered her hand and invited him to enter the house.

Not until he had paid his respects to Miss Ruth; seated himself by the hearth and removed his gloves, did he revert to the errand that had brought him hither. That he had an errand, and one which could not be entrusted to another, Helen was assured, the instant she saw him, for he had never darkened the doors of her new abode until now.

"I have called to see Mr. Lay upon business," he said to her. "Business which should have been settled before this late day, but for my infirm state of health."

"He left home last Friday for Baltimore," replied Helen, "and has not yet returned. I am expecting him this evening."

She could not force herself to propose that he should await Aleck's arrival. Polite insincerity could not carry her to the length of deliberately concerting such a defeat of her anticipated joyous meeting with her husband. It seemed that Colonel Floyd was not inclined, in this respect, to stand upon ceremony. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs, with the aspect of one who had laid in a sufficient stock of patience, and had no intention of removing immediately from his chosen position. Aunt Ruth sat up stiffly, lips pressed and eyes riveted upon her work. Helen made another effort to do the honors decently. She would not essay cordiality.

"I hope that aunt and Lily are well."

"I believe they are. I hear no complaints."

"Lily is looking badly, I think. I met her yesterday at church."

"Humph! Three-fourths of her disorder is imagination. Her aunt tells me that she is troubled with dyspepsia and blues this winter. It is fashionable for young ladies to fall into ill health."

"She is certainly very thin, and coughs a great deal," responded Helen, smothering her displeasure at his contemptuous reply—and there was a tedious pause.

Her face kindled presently, and glancing significantly at Miss Ruth, she left the room. There was no mistake this time. Another buggy had driven to the door—Colonel Floyd's moving on to make room for it, and Aleck Lay leaped to the ground almost before the horse was checked. He came directly up the steps to salute his wife; held her to him in a hasty embrace and kissed her; but his first words were abrupt, his tone harsh.

"Is Colonel Floyd here?"

"Yes—in the parlor. I am very sorry—"

"I am not!"

He strode into the hall; tore off his overcoat, and tossed it with his hat and gloves upon a table; then moved in the direction of the parlor without another word. Shocked and chilled by his stern face and negligent treatment of herself, Helen yet ventured to follow him.

"Dear Aleck!" she entreated, hanging on his arm. "There is no haste about seeing him. Come to our room and rest awhile—let me brush the dust off! You look very weary, and a bath will refresh you. I am afraid you are not well."

"Oh, yes I am! I must see this man—get this meeting over at once!"

Helen still hindered him.

"You know, dear, that I could not help his being here just now! I did not dream of his coming until he drove up. I am sure I wish that he had stayed away! You are not angry with me, are you?"

The question or the timid tone served to recall Aleck to his senses. He looked down into the loving, pleading eyes, where the tears were already welling.

"My precious wife! could I be angry with you even if I had cause? and that can never happen! Forgive me if I act strangely. My mind is full of other and important things—matters concerning which we will talk together by-and-by. You know that I am happy in being once more at home, and with you!"

He gave her another kiss more fond than the former; released her, and entered the apartment where his visitor awaited him.

Helen did not go in directly after him. She ran off into her chamber to hide the emotion she would not have others perceive. It was very foolish and wrong to weep over a trifling disappointment like this, but she had pictured to herself such different things! the murmured words of tenderness; the long, close embrace; the thousand inquiries after her welfare and occupations during his absence—especially how she had borne that separation; the ejaculations of delight at their reunion—that were to have filled the earlier moments of their renewed intercourse. How could he leave her so soon and hastily—how speak so coldly—how plead preoccupation with more important things? Up to this hour their married life had glided on like a blissful dream; the lover-husband been all that the most exacting bride could require. Was this the beginning of that settling down into the graver actualities of every day home-life which every one except themselves predicted as their future lot;—which they had promised one another should never come to them? It had been easy to tell Robert that she had outlived youthful romance; that she was not a sentimental, unreasonable girl, but a common-sense, matter-of-fact woman. If she had married him he would doubtless have found her to be all that she had described. As it was—

She walked restlessly up and down the floor; now letting the tears flow freely; now drying them in haste, as fancy deluded her with the thought that she caught the sound of Aleck's distant footsteps. Surely he would come—he could not stay away when he observed that she had not followed him! Col. Floyd's business was a matter of no consequence after all. She was certain that it pertained to the settlement of his guardianship accounts, for he could have none other with Mr. Lay. Into these, it may be remembered, that she had advised—nay, urged Robert to look. The idea of being defrauded was then painful to her. She wanted to bring, as her marriage portion, to the younger brother, property that would justify her in a feeling of thorough independence for the remainder of her days;—that should, in plain phrase, pay her personal expenses, and never oblige her husband to lay out a dollar of his own fortune to insure her comfort or pleasure. She believed, then, that she was actuated, as she had said to her betrothed, by a sincere desire for the advancement of his interests no less than hers. She cared little whether she were dependent upon Aleck or no. All that she had was his, and for the rest—benefits—a livelihood itself from his hand would be all the sweeter because she owed them to his love. Total dependence upon the one truly and only beloved never yet wounded a woman's pride.

She had time to indulge these, and many other meditations in the wearisome half-hour consumed in fruitless waiting and childish fears. Then, with a smack of the old haughtiness she condemned as unworthy, even while she yielded to it, she resolved to cast aside the part of the love-lone lady, pining in her bower; to show him that she, likewise, could be oblivious of tender weaknesses and alive to rational considerations, such as should govern a sober, right-minded couple, from whose cup of happiness eight weeks of wedded experience had puffed away the sparkling foam. She bathed her eyes; smoothed her hair; added an ornament or two to her tasteful home attire, that he might not construe apparent neglect in dress into proof of an absent or suffering mind, and betook herself, work-basket in hand, to the drawing-room.

Aunt Ruth was no longer there,—a circumstance Helen did not discover until she had advanced half-way down the apartment. But she had seen her husband start and look hurriedly over his shoulder as the door unclosed, and imagined that he frowned at seeing her. If her presence were undesired by him, he quickly subdued any token of displeasure or regret, arising to set a chair near the fire for her, and bowing as he did so, as courteously as to an honored guest.

"Perhaps I had better not stay," said Helen, in an under tone, stopping short when she perceived Miss Ruth's empty seat. "I am afraid that you are engaged!"

"You will be no hindrance," was the reply, spoken in grave politeness; and still doubting which course dignity and expediency would advise, she obeyed his gesture and sat down.

There were candles upon the table, so disposed that they shed a strong light on Col. Floyd's features, while Aleck, by accident or design, had drawn back into comparative shadow. Helen was nearest him, but could only see his profile. Colonel Floyd almost faced her, and she noticed, mechanically, as it were, that he seemed to be annoyed, or otherwise excited. His hand rested upon several letters and other written papers lying on the table, and shuffled them nervously as he spoke or listened.

"You have had no direct personal communication by mail or in any other manner with my brother, since he left home, I understood you to say, Colonel Floyd?" said Aleck interrogatively, going on with the conversation his wife's entrance had interrupted.

"None, whatever, sir. The last interview we had was purely one of business, and took place in the forenoon of the twenty-fourth of December. At that time he delivered to me the cancelled bonds I have just shown you. My principal reason in requesting his presence on that occasion was, that I might discharge the debt long due him. He was at my house from ten o'clock until one; our conference was held in the office, for want of a more comfortable place, and continued for nearly two hours, as Mr. Lay may recollect," bowing and smiling sardonically to Helen.

Aleck waived the reference and Helen's silent bend of assent; did not turn to see whether she had heard or replied.

"You had an appointment with him for the next day, however," he continued, in a tone that sounded dry and guarded to Helen's ears.

"Which he entirely failed to keep!" interposed the colonel, quickly.

"Without sending you any apology?"

"I received none. I left home at ten o'clock or thereabouts; rode leisurely to the clerk's office, where Mr. Robert Lay was to meet me at eleven; waited for him more than an hour-and-half, as Mr. Willis can testify; then supposing that he had been unavoidably detained, and not knowing how long I might be kept there, if I undertook to stay until he came, I placed a certificate in Mr. Willis's hands to the effect that my ward, Miss Gardner, was of age, and therefore free to marry whomever and whomsoever she pleased, and returned to Belleview. Mrs. Lay perhaps remembers that I was at the house when she came home after a morning walk,—moreover, that I informed her of your brother's failure to keep his engagement with me."

Again, Helen gave a grudged and unspoken response to his appeal, which was heeded as little by her husband as the former had been. He sat with an elbow resting upon the table; his hand spanning his forehead, and from its shadow his eyes gazed keenly, intensely upon his visitor, never quitting him for a second. Colonel Floyd felt their scrutiny, for he winced at each question, and carefully refrained from looking at his interlocutor during his rejoinder.

"It is growing very late!" he observed, rustling his documents into a bundle, and tying them together with a bit of red tape.

The knot was insecure, as was proven upon trial, and when it gave way at the strain intended to tighten it, the loose sheets were scattered over the table. Aleck assisted in collecting them.

"These are the bonds!" he remarked, pausing in the task to examine two small pieces of paper selected from the heap. "Excuse me for saying it, but it strikes me that this was an unbusiness-like mode of annulment—merely drawing a pen across the face of the instrument. I am surprised that Robert adopted it. I wonder more that you did not demand a receipt, also."

"If I recollect rightly, I did, and received one," returned Colonel Floyd, very busy with the refractory package; his fingers becoming more awkwardly unsteady every instant. "Have it at home—I can show it to you, if you doubt my word, Mr. Lay," summoning his proudest manner and accent.

"I have not intimated such a doubt," replied Aleck, calmly. "My brother's movements of late are enveloped in so much obscurity, and about many of them hangs such an air of mystery, that I am excusable for examining somewhat narrowly into all that can be ascertained concerning the last day or two which he passed at home."

"Certainly! Certainly! You are quite right, sir!" Colonel Floyd crowded the packet into his pocket. "And, I assure you, that any information that can I afford you—any light that I can cast upon this unhappy affair is quite at your command, Mr. Lay. But, to be frank with you, I must say that his conduct is not wholly unaccountable to me. Young blood is hot, and young judgment hasty—and Mr. Robert Lay was young, ardent, injudicious. I have heard rumors of his serious losses at play, and other unfortunate indiscretions, to which I would not allude in your presence, but for my desire to elucidate what appears to be a puzzle to you."

There was a stain of fresh blood on the lips Aleck's teeth let go, at the conclusion of this speech, but he betrayed no other sign of passion.

"If I understand you, sir, you counsel me to discretion in prosecuting further inquiries;—as a friend to my brother, you would perhaps recommend that I drop them entirely?" he said, with the same steadfast look into the colonel's eyes.

"If I counsel nothing! As I have remarked, I stand prepared to render you what assistance I can. My deeds are ever open to the day. The arrangement is, then, Mr. Lay, that I meet you to-morrow at the clerk's office, and settle with you so far as is practicable, upon so short a notice. It is fortunate that I chance to have several thousands lying in bank, at this juncture, or your fair wife's precipitate action might have taken me at a disadvantage,"—bowing to Helen.

"I do not see how that could be, sir!" she was provoked to reply. "You had several months' notice—"

He interrupted her. "Of your contemplated marriage with Mr. Robert Lay, I grant, my dear lady! But there were certain circumstances I will not now stop to explain that made a prospective settlement with your *home fide* betrothed and present husband a very different affair from what my reckoning with his brother would have been."

Helen was literally too angry to speak—too much incensed to make any return to the pompous adieus that wound up this impertinence.

Aleck attended her whilom guardian to the door—neither his wife nor himself extending to him an invitation to tea—and remained there after the buggy had driven away, pacing hard and hurriedly to and fro upon the piazza, until the bell rang for supper. Then, he made no haste to answer the call.

"I wish Aleck would come in!" mildly complained his aunt. "The muffins will get solid and the chickens cold. I should think he would be hungry after travelling so many hours."

Helen said nothing, but seating herself at the head of the board began setting out the cups and saucers upon the tea-tray.

"Ring that bell again!" Miss Ruth ordered, presently, as the last hope of saving her hot fowls and puffy muffins from woeful deprecation; and at this second call the master came.

"He might as well have stayed away for all he ate!" thought Aunt Ruth, despairingly noting the untouched food upon his plate.

He drank a cup of coffee; declined his wife's coolly civil offer to send him another, and sat stirring and inspecting the grounds or sugar left in the bottom of the cup with assiduity as serious as that displayed by the most accomplished fortuneteller. His brows were bent into settled severity; his mouth compressed into sternness as immovable, and when he answered the two or three queries with which his aunt found courage to ply him, his tone was absent and dreamy. Whatever might be the theme of his cogitations, he studied it with every energy of heart and mind, to the exclusion of every other. Finally he pushed back his chair, hardly vouchsafing a brief "excuse me!" to the ladies, and left the table.

"Is Petronius at home?" he demanded of the servant in waiting.

"I believe he is, sir."

"Go and see—and when you find him send him to me in the library! I have letters to write, Helen," he added—"several that must go by to-morrow's mail. I am sorry to seem unsocial on the evening of my return, but it cannot be helped."

He went out.

Helen too arose. "Take more wood into the library!" she said to another domestic. "Your master will probably sit up late."

Not a tone faltered. Her lids were level and dry; but Aunt Ruth divined something of the storm of feeling waxing to its height, and not unreasonably associated these signs of the times with Aleck's reserved, morose mood.

Left to herself to survey the slighted feast, to whose demolition she had looked forward with such lively and innocent delight, the old lady shook her head at the closing door as Helen vanished through it, and sighed a regretful, but not hopeless—"yes!"

Not hopeless—for the dear soul had heard of lover's quarrels and the certainty and sweetness of reconciliation, and believed that she read correctly the symptoms of this famous, but not dangerous distemper, in conduct that would upon any other hypothesis have been inexplicable and unpardonable. Acting upon this persuasion, she lingered not long in dining-hall or parlor. In the last named room Helen kept her company, sewing steadily, and talking, not freely or continually, but pleasantly, when she did speak; the scarlet spot in either cheek and her curling lip evincing that the inward strife was still far from being quelled.

"Proud! proud!" soliloquized Aunt Ruth, mentally. "Lucifers in pride—both of them! The best thing I can do is to leave her to solitary reflection for a while; at any rate, to take my old useless body out of the way, in case he should give in first—as I've heard that men are apt to do—and come to look for her. They will never make up while there are others by. Helen, dear!" she said aloud, "I am pretty tired to-night, or else it this warmish weather that makes me drowsy. I believe I will go to bed if you won't mind my leaving you. Aleck will be in pretty soon now to hinder you from getting lonesome. His letters can't keep him much longer."

"If they do, I shall not be lonely, aunt. Do not let me keep you up a minute longer than is convenient and pleasant for you. I shall retire early myself."

Yet she sat there alone for two long, long hours, hoping, listening, longing, and resentful, sullen, desperate, by turns; now half resolved to seek him, to cast herself upon his bosom and supplicate for some demonstration of the affection, so freely and richly lavished upon her heretofore by eye, word and caress; now avowing that she would die of heart-break sooner than she would adopt a course so humbling to woman's pride. At eleven o'clock she folded her work, closed the shutters, fastened down the windows and extinguished the lamp; exercising no remarkable degree of caution in performing the work. Two library adjoined the sitting room, and although there was no door of direct communication between the two, yet the occupant of the former could not well avoid hearing and understanding the meaning of the bustle produced by her retiring for the night. If he did hear it, he would, if he had any consideration for her wishes and feelings, leave his employment—"important" as it was—and come to their chamber to exchange a few words with her before bidding her "good-night." Therefore, she dismissed her maid, professing that she was too wakeful to sleep, and wished to read a while; then drew her chair near the fire—again to hearken for feet that did not come, to pine for loving tones and language that were not now to feed her hungry heart.

The hands of her watch pointed to twelve, when, exhausted and disheartened, she laid down upon her pillow, and she tossed there a dreary while before falling into a troubled sleep. Dreams connected and vivid, came with more profound slumbers. She was sitting upon the great rock at the spring, in the soft, summer moonlight with Robert. The story of his long-cherished attachment was still sounding in her ears, awakening the strange, sad heart-ache, the mingled pity and sisterly tenderness she remembered so well; his head enfolded hers; his arm was about her waist, when—sudden, stern and sad, up started the form and lineaments of his brother, and the whole might of her heart's love leaped out towards him. She stretched her arms to him; cried in the unutterable agony of her soul for him to come and release her—to take her with him—that she loved him—him only—him, always! But he turned scornfully away, and Robert's grasp was inflexible as chains of wrought steel, binding her with a pressure that nearly deprived her of breath.

"Mine! mine!" he said, in fierce earnestness—"until death us do part!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There are but *nine* ropes known as such to seamen on board a ship, viz: the foot, head, man, leach, yard, mast, tiller, bucket and back ropes. All the others are included under the technical names of *steps*, shrouds, tacks, sheets, halyards, &c.

☞ There are at the present time fifteen New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) churches in Massachusetts.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

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an age of progress and refinement!"

☞ The more liquor a man drinks the smaller he grows. Like a cask leak by the

at several hundred dollars an acre, and one downcast farmer was considered rich in [illegible]

mistaken in "reining" early from business. After you has spent the best of his days in [illegible]

"Heat the cream to a temperature of 60 degrees, after which dip it in some good, cold,

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Brooklin, Wyoming Co., Pa.

NEWS ITEMS.

SANDUSKY CORRESP.—The Fall River News states that the Tecumseh Company found in fifteen bales of cotton no less than 2,700 pounds of sand, seed, dirt, and other refuse material, packed among the cotton. Three hundred pounds of sand cotton seed were found in one bale.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The Georgia Southern Union has come out in favor of a reconstruction of the old Union. The Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy thus greets the proposal of the Georgia Southern Union:—"We advise the editor (Mr. Murray) to go to New England, believing him to be unfriendly to the country in which he lives, and that Massachusetts is the only suitable place for him. He is unworthy of a residence in the Confederacy. The sooner he goes the better for him. Better leave at once and be consistent before invited to go."

THE main army of the Cumberland has not moved from its quarters at Murfreesboro. The recent skirmishes were only fought by detached portions on scouting and reconnoitering duty.

THE recent Union cavalry raid on the Rappahannock ford is mentioned in the rebel papers, but they do not give the result of the fight. They construe it into an advance upon Gordonsville.

THE subscriptions to the five-twenty loan for the last six days, at the different agencies, foot up two millions.

THE order from the War Department requiring all persons liable to military service who wished to go abroad to give bonds has been revoked, except in those states which have not given their full complement of nine months men. Citizens of Pennsylvania, therefore, will not be subjected to give bonds.

A PARTY of rebels crossed from Vicksburg about a week since to cut the levee at the mouth of the canal, but they were all captured and sent up the river.

THE Mississippi is rising slowly. The officers of the Indianola are in Vicksburg. A few shells were thrown into the city by the gunboat Lafayette, but no reply was made.

SECRETARY CHASE is reported to be about making arrangements with capitalists for a new loan.

BRIGADIER Gen. Alfred W. Eliet has organized a marine brigade for service in the western rivers. At present it consists of one regiment of infantry, a batallion of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. The quarters are on board of fast steamers, by which the men are transported from place to place as they are needed. The boats are defended against rifle shot and grape by heavy oak timbers, and that part around the boilers and machinery is iron plated.

U. S. TREASURY notes are said to sell at $3.50 the dollar in Richmond.

THE health of the army at Vicksburg is said to be improving. It is believed that the Lake Providence canal scheme would be entirely successful. A large number of transports and gunboats have gone up Yazoo Pass, the capture of Vicksburg depending upon the movement.

TREASURY REGULATIONS FOR TEMPORARY DEPOSITS, &c.—It is officially announced at the Treasury Department that hereafter and no temporary deposits of gold will be received, the receipts from customs being amply sufficient for present needs; that five instead of four per cent. will be paid on temporary deposits of Treasury notes, and that fifty per cent. will be paid on warrants in lawful money and fifty per cent. in certificates of indebtedness, instead of twenty-five per cent. only in money.

DUMMY ENGINES.—The Committee on Railroads in the Senate of New York, have reported a bill to legalize the use of dummy engines on any railroad in the State, operated with steam as the power. The bill applies to any roads now built or hereafter to be built, or whether located within or outside of the limits of any city or town.

THE New York Court of Appeals has decided against the right of railroad companies to take streets or highways for laying tracks without compensating the owners of adjacent property. Five of the Judges concurred in the decision, one gave no opinion, and two dissented.

EXTEMPORE praying is a queer thing sometimes. It allows the supplicant very wide license of speech, which occasionally produces whimsical consequences. For example, the Rev. Mr. Shine, Chaplain of the House of Representatives of the Iowa Legislature, on the opening of a session, prayed thus: "Bless, Thou, the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, the Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undefiled religion! for Christ's sake, Amen!"

"A GRISWOLD FOR AN ALABAMA."—There is a beautiful thought in the address of the ladies of England, in reply to Mrs. Stowe. "You have sent us the Griswold for the Alabama." Not "a Roland for an Oliver," not tit for tat, but good for evil. Let it pass into a saying in our mother tongue, "a Griswold for an Alabama," when good is returned for evil.

GREAT RISE OF GOLD IN RICHMOND.—Gold has gone up to four hundred per cent. in Richmond, and what is deemed good authority reports private transactions to a considerable amount at as high as six hundred per cent.

THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD FRIGATES.—Four of those vessels have returned from their experimental voyage to Portugal, and the naval reporter of the London Times says that the plates are loose, and that the vessels are not in a condition to go out to sea now. The impression of the writer seems to be that the fastening of iron plates to the wooden hull will not answer the purposes desired. It appears as though our little fleet of Monitors were the most formidable iron-clad fleet afloat.

REBEL newspapers received at Cincinnati contain detailed accounts of a raid in Northern Alabama by a brigade of Union troops under Colonel Corwin. The expedition was accompanied by five gunboats, and reached Tuscumbia on February 22d, at which place two ferry boats were destroyed. Another was destroyed at Florence. The Union advance guard put to flight part of the rebel cavalry at Tuscumbia, and took possession of the town. An assessment was levied on the wealthy rebels. On the 25th Colonel Corwin and his command proceeded into the interior, taking considerable plunder with him.

A LETTER from Hilton Head, dated the 16th inst., says that the latest intelligence from the Black Brigade, which is now marching into Florida, is that it has taken many important points, and captured many prisoners, with large quantities of ammunition and supplies. They are still driving the rebels before them.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK ARMIES.

The Richmond Examiner, of the 19th, has an extraordinary leader, the tone of which is evidently intended to prepare the public mind of the South for serious reverses to the Confederate arms on the line of the Rappahannock. It commences thus in the following significant language:—"Active operations of the chief Federal army, under Hooker, are now commenced, and either a decisive battle, or the retreat of the army commanded by Lee, must be the speedy consequence. The latter contingency is possible, but not at all probable; and another heavy struggle over the line of the Rappahannock, may be safely anticipated."

After speculating upon the supposed plan of General Hooker, and the relative strength and probabilities of the success of Lee's forces, the editor remarks:—"If, however, the Confederate General's force is not sufficiently numerous to prevent the completion of the enemy's designs, it is supposed that no course remains but to fall back upon some point nearer Richmond, and give the enemy battle at a greater distance from his base."

On the 20th there was a heavy fall of snow on the Rappahannock.

THE REBEL CONSCRIPTION.—The Southern law is nothing but relentless conscription, and in its most aggravative and despotic form. It includes all white male persons between the ages of 16 and 35, who are required to enroll themselves under penalty of being treated as deserters. The enrollment act of our Congress includes only male persons between 20 and 45, and exempts persons physically and mentally unfit, the only sons of dependent widows, and the only sons of aged or infirm parents depending for support upon their children. The parents may select out of several drafted sons which shall be exempt. The father or mother of six children, the only brother of orphan children under twelve years of age are exempt, and two sons out of any family having a father and son already in the army. The rebel attempt no white man from military duty except such as have twenty slaves. Their conscription law exempts all the slaves owned by the planters. It continues in service for three years longer all who had been previously enlisted or reinstered and whose term of service would have expired within the year. It allows no bounty and has no fixed price for substitutes, so that instead of $300, as our law fixes, a substitute costs anything the necessities of the person drafted may oblige him to offer, even as high as $1,500 the advertisements in the southern papers show has been paid. If any Governor does not enroll the militia, Confederate officers are empowered to make the enrollment under such regulations as the President may prescribe.

THE REPORTED CAPTURE OF MEXICO.—A report through rebel newspapers, stating that the French have captured the city of Mexico. According to the last authentic reports, the French were about to move on Puebla, on the 23d of February, yet the report of the capture of the City of Mexico is mentioned in the Galveston papers of the 2d inst., allowing only one week for the French to march from Orizaba to Puebla, 60 miles, and thence to the City of Mexico, which is about 80 miles further, and the news to return to Galveston by the 2d inst. This would be unconsonably quick work, even if the way was entirely open to the French; but, as Puebla was defended by 24,000 Mexicans, and the City of Mexico was capable of another stout defence, it is not very likely that they have passed over this intervening 120 miles and reduced the country within the space of three or four days, as the source and date of the intelligence would require. The news requires confirmation before it can be credited.

A FOREIGN LOAN OFFERED TO MR. CHASE.—It is said that Mr. Chase has received an offer of a loan from abroad, which it is probable he will accept. It is not the offer alluded to in the journals a week ago. That came from England and France, and was not upon the most favorable terms.—This offer, which was made recently, upon the most favorable terms, by a distinguished German banking house, is under advisement. The offer is to take one hundred millions of dollars' worth of bonds, at something above par in currency. If accepted, it will of course give the financial control of the exchange market for some time to come. It is evident that, whatever misfortunes may happen to the cause of the Government this spring, the Secretary will be abundantly supplied with money with which to prosecute the war. There is no longer any doubt upon the subject, and the anxiety of the Government is not for money, but for military successes.

SINGULAR DIFFICULTY.—The Jersey City Standard has an account of a singular difficulty which has occurred at the chemical works in that city. It appears that the greater portion of the workmen employed are foreigners, either naturalized or otherwise, and that the former made up their minds that the latter, who have enjoyed the blessings and protection of our government for many years, should not screen themselves behind the neutrality-flag to avoid the prospective draft. Therefore, it was insisted that they should take out papers of naturalization; and it being declined, it was determined by the others to drive them from the works. This we understand put the summary execution, though no violence was used. A similar course, it is said, has been pursued at the Zinc Works.

STRANGE TRIBE OF INDIANS.—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, writes to the Indian Bureau, under date of February 16-h, that a delegation of Moquis Indians has just visited him. They are from New Mexico, where they live in stone houses, and are devoted to agricultural pursuits. They are called White or Welsh Indians, and appear by their figure and face to have been of white extraction. They have seven towns or villages, and have never been visited by whites except Mormons or Mexicans. The Navanoes frequently attack them and drive off their flocks and herds.

☞ The late Mr. Sands sued a wealthy damsel for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his bleeding heart. "Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed he, "for ruined hopes, disappointed love, and a blasted life! Two hundred pounds for all this! No—never! Make it guineas, and it's a bargain!"

WAR'S QUIET AND TENDER SIDE.

A chaplain in the army in acknowledging gifts from home for his regiment, thus writes:—

It is a very pleasant thought to the soldier that friends at home still hold him in remembrance; and could those friends see the avidity with which he seizes on letters and packages, by mail or express they would feel amply repaid for all labor of writing or sending.

I suppose that I, more than any other man in the regiment, am permitted to see the secret chain that unites the hearts of soldiers with loving hearts at home. Every now and then one shows me a miniature, or tells me of a dear child that sends a message of love to papa, or brings to me a letter from a loving mother, full of earnest counsel and tender sympathy. Ah! war is not all pomp and glitter, with gleaming of banners and rolling of drums.

War is it all, either, the deadly conflict, with its gaping wounds and stiffening forms of dead men clads. It has its quiet and tender side as well; and sometimes the most reckless and hardened soldier, whose every sentence is blotted by an oath, will open the little secret casket in his heart where he keeps in concealment a little treasure of love, and let me look upon the gem in all its beauty.

It is the duty, and should be the pleasure of those at home to do all they can to encourage any feeling that will keep gentle and pure their dear ones who are in the army. One great means of doing this is found in just such evidences of interest as this box gave.

ANECDOTE OF A BEAR.

The following anecdote goes far to prove that a bear has only room for one idea at a time in his head. A party of overland emigrants on their way across the plains from St. Louis, Missouri, to El Paseo, and thence to California, had arrived somewhere on the Green River. From this train a hunter had strayed off in search of game, and came upon a bear in a creek bottom, who was up a persimmon-tree loaded with ripe fruit, which he was busily eating, whilst a wild-boar beneath was revelling in the over-ripe dainties which fell in showers from the bear's clumsy operations in the tree. It was evident from the glances bruin threw below from time to time that he was jealous of the hog, and by no means relished playing provider over and above involuntarily for the other; and he often expressed his disapprobation by short and savage growls, which the boar only answered by an occasional satisfied grunt. The hunter noted all these signs, and saw that very little more was necessary to make Caffee's wrath boil over, which he would be certain to vent upon the pig; he therefore drew the buck-shot from one barrel of his gun, and substituted for it a load of dust-shot, with which, from his ambush, he stung the bear pretty severely. Down came the bear instantly to chastise the boar for adding this injury to insult, fully convinced that the smart he suffered was caused by the pig. The battle was a sharp one, though not of long duration, and bruin speedily killed his antagonist, but not before the hog had inflicted a mortal wound, by gashing open with his sharp tusks, the belly of his opponent, who speedily bled to death. "Thus," said the hunter, with pardonable vanity, "I killed a bear and a wild-boar with a charge of No. 7 shot, which I believe nobody else has ever done."

☞ GOOD NEWS FOR MAINE.—Dr. R P. Stevens, in a paper read before the Geographical Society in New York, predicts that new land will arise out of the sea, which will result in such a change of climate that Maine and Canada will be as warm as Southern France, while Labrador itself will become fertile. We suppose the doctor wouldn't fix the precise date of this happy change.

☞ An exchange tells the following simple story of a little child kneeling by his bed to pray, as he retired for the night. He said:—"Dear Heavenly Father, please don't let the large cow hook me, nor the horse kick me; and don't let me run away outside the gate when mother tells me not to."

☞ One of the "personal" correspondents at Washington describes Mrs. Swisshelm as "fearfully clever. You look at her, listen to her, and feel sure that she could take a ship across the ocean; that she could command a brigade, govern a state, and have superfluous power left for infinite infinitesimal purposes."

☞ A Western paper strikes the name of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

☞ Governor Andy Johnson, of Tennessee, said in a recent speech, "as for cotton the world existed nearly six thousand years without its being an article of prime necessity, and if a little more wool, flax and hemp is grown, the world will scarcely feel its loss."

☞ Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb is a little patriot. She has a brother in the Union service, and at the White House levee, said, if necessary, she was willing for her husband to volunteer!

☞ Let every well read man remember that the "tree of knowledge" was not the "tree of life."

☞ WASTE OR PUNCTUALITY.—There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more unsupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only set earnestly about it. Life is really too short for me to be able to waste half of it in waiting.—*Miss Bremer.*

☞ A negro girl entered a variety store and asked for "some flibberty flaps, Sabbeday coolers." She wanted a fan!

☞ An old New Jersey farmer is very desirous to come upon the earth 35 years hence, "just to take a good look at the size of a New Jersey bushel basket, particularly in Penn's time!"

☞ The mint at Philadelphia is now running its entire force upon nickels. The resalts are about $8,000 a day in nickel.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been dull and irregular during the closing of the week. The weekly sales reach some 5000 bbls in lots, mostly for export, at $5 75@6 00 for common and fair extra; $6 00@6 50 for good do; $6 75@7 00 for extra; and $7 50@8 00 for family and fancy Western and Ohio brands. The sales to the trade are limited within the same range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, at $4 87½@5 00; $5 00@5 50; and $6 00@7 00 for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and nearly nominal at $5 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is in fair request, but scarce at $4 for Pennsylvania, and $4 50 ₩ bbl for Brandywine, which is lower.

GRAIN.—The demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and 1@2c ₩ bus lower, with sales of only about 20,000 bus to note at $1 36@1 78 for fair to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania red, in store, and $1 80@1 90 for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rye is quiet, and Pennsylvania has been selling at 100@102c. Corn is better, and about 27,000 bus sold at 80@80c in store and afloat, mostly at 80@81c. Oats are also better and very active, with sales of 50,000 bus, mostly good to prime, at 73@76c for 33 lbs, the latter for heavy lots, and 69@70c for light, measure. Barley is better, Pennsylvania and Western selling at 145@150c for prime to choice six-rowed, and 160@165c for two-rowed Malt is be-d at 155@160c, with small sales.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little inquiry for bold meats, and we quote them 6½c for shoulders, 8½@8¾c for Bbl-dsides in salt, and 8¾@8¾c for Bbl-sides in salt, and the latter more active. Of Lard the receipts and sales are limited at 11¼@11¾c for prime Western, in bbls and tcs; 12@12½c for kegs, and 10@11c for country in irregular pkgs. Butter is scarce and high; sold ranges at 14@23c, and Roll at 20@26c, and the demand good. Cheese is also firm, with sales at 14@16c ₩ lb. Eggs are unsettled and quoted at 18@20c ₩ doz.

COTTON.—The market for this staple is unsettled and drooping, and prices at the close are 0@3c ₩ lb lower than last week; about 180 bales have been disposed of at 76@83c for Middlings and good Middlings, and 70@75c for inferior and ordinary quality, closing dull at 76@80c.

ASHES continue firm, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK.—There is very little arriving, and 1st No 1 Quercitron meets with ready sale at $38 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is wanted at full prices.

BEESWAX.—The receipts are light, and the market for good Yellow firm, with sales of 3000 lbs at 46@47c ₩ lb.

COAL.—The recent cold weather has caused more activity in the demand, both for shipment and home use, and there is rather more inquiry to go east.

COFFEE.—The market continues dull and the stock on sale light, with a very limited demand from the trade, and only some 800 bags have been disposed of, mostly Rio, sold by auction at from 30 to 34½c, cash, including Laguayra at 32@33c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull, with about the usual business doing in Yellow Metal at 33c for sheets, and 31c for bolts, on time.

FEATHERS meet with a limited demand, and good Western sell as wanted at 45@47c ₩ lb.

FRUIT.—The sales are moderate at $3@3 50 ₩ bbl for Green Apples, 4@6c ₩ lb. for Dried do, and 6@10c. for unpeeled Peaches, the latter for prime halves; pared Peaches are scarce and high.

HAY meets with a steady demand at $85@95c the 100 lbs for good Timothy.

HEMP.—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the sales are limited at previous quotations.

HOPS are firm but quiet at 27@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market for pig metal is firm. Sales of small lots of Anthracite at $36@37 for No 1; $34@35 for No 2; $33@35 for No 3, cash and 4 months, and 1000 tons foreign private. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers. Manufactured iron is firm.

LEAD.—The market is less firm, with more Galena offering, and buyers are holding off for lower prices. A sale of 1200 pigs is reported at 10c cash.

LUMBER.—The busy season has not yet opened, but the market is firm and more active. We quote White Pine Boards at $30@32; Yellow Sap do at $30, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $9@10. Laths sell in lots from the yards at $1,00@1 ₩ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is firm; some small sales of Cuba have been made at 40@45c for clayed and Muscovado, and 50@60 bbls New Orleans at 47@55c, cash and four months.

PLASTER.—There is little or none coming in, and we quote soft in demand and scarce at $5½ ₩ ton.

RICE.—There is very little offering, and the market is quiet at 7½@8c for East India.

SEEDS.—The demand for both Clover and Timothy has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, the former ranging at from 8½ to 9¼, and the latter at $3@3 25 ₩ bus. Red Top is better, and 2000 sacks sold to go East at $2 12½@2 25 ₩ sack.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum sells slowly at 68@70c. Whiskey is dull and selling in a small way only at 46@50c for Pa and Ohio bbls, and 44@46c for Drs.

SUGAR.—The market is very firm and quiet; sales of 750 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10¾@12c, and Porto Rico at 11¼@12c, on time.

TALLOW is dull and unsettled, city selling at 12¼@12½c, and country at 11½@11¾c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO.—The market is quiet, and the demand for leaf and manufactured limited at about previous rates, with rather more offering.

WOOL.—Buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and the sales of domestic are very light at from 90c to $1 for medium and fine fleece, cash and short time. Of foreign, further sales of Cordova are reported at full prices ranging from 57 to 61c cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1374 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 10¾c ₩ lb. 60 cows brought from $40 to 52 ₩ head. 1400 Sheep were sold at from 9 to 10c ₩ lb gross. 500 Hogs at from $7,50 to 8,25 ₩ cwt, net.

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJAMIN M. KELLNET, to Miss SUSAN COAR, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the same, Mr. ISAAC KOONS, to Miss ANNIE HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. CHARLES E. MEDCAL, to Mrs. IsABELLA R. BURNS.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS MOORE, to Miss FANNIE E. DUNCAN, both of the city of the late Charles W. Robbins, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Kennard, Dr. DR. J. H. STOKES, to Miss MARY A. GAY, daughter of Rodk. Gaskill, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Samuel Dunlap, Mr. J. C. BROWN, of New Jersey, to Miss C. TRUITT, of this city.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. W. Cattell, Mr. S. GRANGE R. S. REED, to Miss MARGARET A. CLARK, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. R. McCullough, Mr. HENRY CLARK, to Miss EMMA L. KING, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD L. RAY, to Miss EMMA E. MILLS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mr. WILLIAM PATTERSON, in his 83d year.

On the 17th instant, JOHN BRONSON, a native of Prussia, aged 76 years.

On the 17th instant, ANN ALCORN, wife of Wm. Alcorn, aged 50 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY ALLEN, widow of the late Thos. Allen, in her 68th year.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS OSBORN, aged 73 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY P. RUE, wife of Jos. Rue, in her 61st year.

On the 15th instant, JOSEPH S. RILEY, Jr. in his 48th year.

On the 15th instant, JOHN W. WORN, in his 47th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. JOHN BENNER, in his 72d year.

On the 14th instant, EDWARD CARR, in his 45d year.

On the 13th instant, JAMES GOODMAN, in his 56th year.

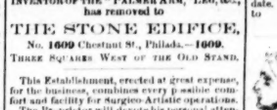
In Norristown, on the 12th instant, THOMAS W. POTTS, Esq. in his 67th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 21, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri,	5 dis.
Canada,	par.	Nebraska,	
Connecticut,	par.	New Brunswick,	10 dis.
Delaware,	par.	New Hampshire,	1 dis.
District of Columbia,	par.	New Jersey,	1 dis. to par
Florida,	—dis.	New York City,	1 dis.
Georgia,	5 dis.	New York State,	1 dis.
Illinois,	2 dis.	North Carolina,	10 dis.
Indiana,	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia,	10 dis.
Iowa,	1 dis.	Ohio,	1 dis.
Kansas,	—dis.	Pennsylvania, par to	1 dis.
Kentucky,	1 dis.	Rhode Island,	1 dis.
Louisiana,	20 dis.	South Carolina,	10 dis.
Maine,	par.	Tennessee,	10 dis.
Maryland,	1 to 2 dis.	Texas,	—dis.
Massachusetts,	par.	Vermont,	1 dis.
Michigan,	1½ dis.	Virginia,	20 dis.
Minnesota,	—dis.	Wisconsin,	2 dis.
Mississippi,	—		



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SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," "LEG, &c., has removed to

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The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
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NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq
mh28 tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

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NEW YORK, November, 1862.

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No. 1. MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	80,00
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No. 3 MACHINE, PLAIN, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$65,00
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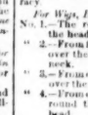
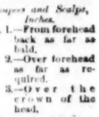
Photographic Pictures are now taken so neatly, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a neglect to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly or alone, will soon tarnish, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph Album, which is the crowning feature of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," for the display and proper preservation of the Card Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of execution, has never yet been equalled. They are adapted to the pocket of the traveller, or the parlor and centre table of every house, and are so useful as well as so pretty, that wherever one is introduced, more are sure to follow. They are, indeed, becoming a household necessity, as the Album in which a family group are all gathered together in this way, soon assumes inestimable value.

For a regular list of kinds and prices we refer to the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—or any number for two months previous to that date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.





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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING Wig and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the United States. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. may6-cowly

TOBACCO SEED, COTTON SEED, FLAX SEED.—For sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of ROGERS & GEST,
6-28-cowtf No. 133 Market St., Phila.

$60 A MONTH!—We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners, and Mother new, useful and curious articles. 15 circulars free. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.
jan3-3m

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
jan3-3m

Wit and Humor.

SHE DID.

Stars were beaming, Lasses gleaming, I was dreaming
Dreams as sweet
As the olden Summers golden that have rolled on
Still, yet fleet.

Then from Alden came a maiden (beauty laden
Girl was she;)
Glorious creature! such fair feature a love teacher
Unto me.

"Chase beside me"—who dare chide me?
"Here, Love, hide thee;"
Blushes—Grace!
It confesses how her tresses with caresses
Touched my face.

There's no praising the amazing bright eyes gazing
Into mine,
Lips whose meetness, whose replenness of all sweetness,
Were divine.

But she waited, meditated; I—elated—
Gently chid;
Smiling, told her no one older would behold her
If she did.

Nearer, nearer, softer, clearer, warmer, dearer,
Came her breath!
Then forgetting all regretting, angels letting
Her—oh! Death!

Still she waited, hesitated, said she hated
To; I chid;
She grew willing—oh; 'twas thrilling! dream fulfilling!
For—*She Did.*

SOLOMON.

Fresh from the Poetry Machine.

A lady with a crinoline was walking down a street—her feathers fluttered in the wind, her hoops stuck out some feet. She walked the earth as if she felt of it she had no part, and proudly did she step along, for pride was in her heart. She did not see a curly dog which walked close by her side, all save the curly tail of which her crinoline did hide. His tail the dog with pleasure shook, it fluttered in the wind, and from the lady's crinoline stuck out a foot behind. A crowd the tail did soon espy, as it waved to and fro, and like a rudder seemed to point the way the maid must go. The curly dog right pleased was he with quarters he had got, and walked beside the lady in a kind of doggish trot. Each step the lady now did take served to increase her train, while those who followed in her wake roared out with might and main. Some held their sides, they laughed so hard, and others fairly cried, while many even still confessed that they'd "like to have died." But still the lady sailed along in crinoline and pride, unmindful of the crowd behind, or dog close by her side. But soon another dog espied the tail which fluttered free; it so provoked his doggish ire he could not let it be. But with a deep, ferocious growl, for battle straight he went, and 'neath the lady's crinoline both dogs were quickly pent. They fought, 'tis said, an hour or more—the lady nothing knew, but with her head erect, sailed on, and did her way pursue. Some say she never would have known at all about the fight, had not one dog mistook, and gave her "limb" an awful bite. But since that time, I've heard it said, the lady ne'er was seen upon the street with so much pride, and such a crinoline.

PUTTING THE GENERAL THROUGH THE DRILL.

A few nights since the boys thought they must have some sport with Long John, who had been imbibing rather two freely from the contents of the bottle. They wrote an order and signed Gen. B.'s name to it. It read as follows:—

Private John ——— is ordered to report at these headquarters for the purpose of putting the general through the drill.

John pocketed the order, and proceeded to headquarters, and entered the tent where the general was deeply engaged in writing, when the following dialogue ensued:—

John.—Good even', genel., come corddin' to (hic) orders to put you (hic) through the drill.

Gen.—(In surprise.) To put me through the drill?

John.—Yes, sir. Present arms.

Gen.—Out of this, you rascal. What do you mean by such insolence?

John.—Shoulder (hic) arms.

Gen.—Guard, this way.

John.—Right shoulder. Shift (hic) arms.

Gen.—(To guard.) Arrest this man.

John.—(Producing order.) Now look here, (hic) gen., what yer (hic) going to 'rest me for? (hic.)

Gen.—(Examining the order and laughing.) Go to your quarters.

John.—Wal, general, when you (hic) want me to drill you agin, just lem me know.

☞ It is a bad sign to see a man with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy to a lamp-post.

GOOD MANNERS.

A correspondent of the Agriculturist relates the following incident, which he says occurred some years since in the state of Rhode Island:—Colored persons are allowed to vote there, and to hold office if elected. On one occasion, Mr. R., a very pompous, but not very popular man, desiring to be chosen Inspector of Elections, gathered his friends around the polls early on the morning of election day—the custom being to select an inspector by vote of those happening to be present at the opening of the polls. Some mischievous young men, who disliked the pompous candidate, had heard of his plans, and they were also present with a large party, and, to his great disgust, they gave a majority for a huge, burly, but good natured negro, well known to the citizens. When the voters came up to deposite their ballots, as usual, each one took off his hat in presence of the inspector. Soon Mr. R. approached. "It is customary to take off the hat when voting," said he, "but in this case I don't know about it." "Oh!" immediately replied the colored man, "just as you please; it depends on a man's broughten up; dere's Mr. S. and Mr. B. (naming two wealthy citizens,) dey took off dere hats, but if a man hasn't been brought up to manners, why, we 'scuse him." The roar of laughter which followed, so discomforted Mr. R., that he hastily left.

KINDNESS TO THE EMPLOYED.

BY MRS. N. M'CAUGHY.

Many housekeepers in our land, who are now in comfortable homes of their own, were by no means born and reared in the same circumstances. They were compelled early to toil with their head or hands for their own support, and it never did them an injury, for the independence which such an experience developes will be of vast use to them and their children after them. It is a marked fact that the mother of every great and good man the world has ever known, was never a frivolous woman of fashion. The mother of Daniel Webster used to rock him to sleep in a sap-trough for want of a better cradle. But there is one little point in which too many whose position has been elevated much above its early level, are quite apt to fall. They forget the toilsome way they have passed over; the weary days in which they strove to give satisfaction to those who employed them, watching in vain for an approving word, or a sympathising look. They forget the resolutions so often formed, that if Providence ever placed them in the position of the served and not the server, they would show an appreciation of the feelings and service of the employed that had never been shown to them.

Do you think, mother, that the girl in your kitchen, the needlewoman you employ, the teacher of your children, ever imagines you had such a thought? It is too often the case that those who are suddenly raised to a very high position, cannot keep pace with their prosperity in moral and intellectual advancement. The oppressed too often become the bitterest oppressors. It is an old saying that "prosperity spoils some people," but it need never be the case. Only let the heart study to keep itself in that valley of humility through which the path to Heaven must lead, and that "which is just and equal" will surely be rendered.

No matter what the position of those around you, it is your duty to do what you can for their benefit, to instruct, reprove, encourage and elevate, as far as it lies in your power. We are as much responsible for our influence over our servants as over our children. We may disbelieve it and put it aside as an unpleasant conviction, but the truth stands firm, and the record of our daily performance of duty in this respect goes up to the book of the recording angel.—*Mothers' Journal.*

BALDNESS.

The ancient Romans seldom wore anything on the head, and a case of baldness was a rare thing.

Baldness is very infrequent among the Indians; their heads are habitually uncovered.

Baldness among women is very much rarer than among men. Women's baldness is about the temples, that of men on the top of the head. It may be then inferred that one cause of baldness is keeping the head covered and heated, thus excessively stimulating the hair glands by an unnatural warmth, and prematurely exhausting their power, and also by preventing the evaporation and escape of that effete matter, the continued presence of which is always death, in whatever part of the system it may occur. This is effectually done by the large quantities of grease and oil which our women plaster on the sides of the head and temples, the hair, dust, and oil making a coating over the temples almost as impervious as India rubber, thus choking up the roots or glands and preventing the proper blood circulation; for it is the blood which carries nutriment to the hair.

The top of the head is most profusely supplied with blood-vessels, yet men grow bald there, first, by keeping the head too warm; also, and chiefly, by the prevalent fashion for generations past, of wearing hard fur and silk hats, which, by their pressure all around the head, forcibly detain the blood from the top of the head; there is seldom baldness below where the hat touches the head.

PAPA.—"Well, my dear, did you tell mamma that Miss Myrtle was waiting to see her?"

CHILD.—"Yes, pa!"

PAPA.—And what did she say?"

CHILD.—"She said *what a bother!*"

None of the writer's playmates are known to be bald, at ages from forty to sixty-five; it was the universal custom among them as boys, to wear loose woollen hats, answering to the felt hats now so generally popular.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The war has given birth to many gems of poetry, patriotic, humorous, and pathetic, illustrative of the spirit and varied impressions of the times. A volume compiled from the newspapers of the day would prove a rich contribution to the military literature of the country. I send below a touching morceau, from an unknown pen, copied from the Philadelphia Bulletin, suggested by an affecting scene in one of the army hospitals. A brave lad of 16 years, belonging to a New England regiment, mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, and sent to the Patent-Office Hospital at Washington, was anxiously looking for the coming of his mother. As his last hour approached and sight grew dim, he mistook a sympathetic lady, who was wiping the cold, clammy perspiration from his forehead, for the expected one, and with a smile of joy lighting up his pale face, whispered tenderly, "Is that mother?" "Then," says the writer, "drawing her towards him with all his feeble strength, he nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping infant, and thus died with the sweet word 'mother' on his quivering lips."

"IS THAT MOTHER?"

Is that mother bending o'er me,
As she sang my cradle hymn—
Kneeling there in tears before me!
Say?—my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,
Out among the northern hills,
To her pet boy dying slowly
Of war's battle wounds and ills?

Mother! oh, we bravely battled—
Battled till the day was done;
While the leaden hail-storm rattled—
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we falled—and I am dying—
Dying in my boyhood's years,—
There—no weeping—self-denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears!

Fold your arms again around me;
Press again my aching head;
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT.

The most earnest efforts looking toward dress reform have had reference to the length of the skirt. May I be permitted a word on this point? I think one of woman's first duties is to make herself as beautiful as possible. A long skirt—a trail even is in fine taste. Among the dress features of the stage, none is so beautiful as the long trail. The artist is ever delighted to introduce it in his pictures of woman. I confess I admire it, and that I wish it could again be made common on all dress occasions. For the drawing-room it is superb. It is said that expense and inconvenience are involved; I ask, are they not in paintings, statuary, etc.? When we meet on dress occasions, I cannot see why we may not introduce this exquisite feature.

For church, and our usual afternoon sittings, skirts which nearly touch the floor seem to me in good taste, and every way proper; but for the street when wet, snowy or muddy, for the active duties of housekeeping, which involve much running up stairs, for the gymnasium, for mountain trips, etc., etc., I need not argue with those whose brains are not befogged by fashion, that the skirts should fall to about the knees. If Miss Fastidious suggests that the adoption of such a costume would expose the limbs, you have but to point to what may be seen in wet weather on the streets. The attempts to lift long skirts out of the mud displays the lower extremities much more than the shortest skirts. Nothing is more pitiable than this street exhibition, except perhaps a woman's attempt to go up stairs, with a candle in one hand, a baby and a bowl of catnip tea in the other.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

WITNESSES THREE.—Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is a Book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture, pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember anything better than 'THE BOOK.'"

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book," asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but ONE book," said the dying man.

With such testimony as to the value of the Sacred Scriptures, reiterated by the great and good, in all ages, it is a sealed book to many.

☞ The road to home happiness lies over small stepping stones. Slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families.

Agricultural.

FLAX-COTTON.

The manufacture of flax-cotton was recently commenced in Lockport, N. Y., by a company of ample means, who now say that they are satisfied, from their experiments thus far, that the result of the enterprise will justify all their expectations, and prove profitable to the community. The specimens of their product are said to be very good, and were made by machinery built expressly for the purpose. The flax used is said to be the ordinary kind raised in the vicinity, and the following is an account of the process of manufacture, condensed from correspondence of the Hartford Times, to which a specimen had been sent:

The flax is taken from the farmers just as it is gathered, after it is dried. The rotting process is wholly superceded. The farmer mows his flax just as he does hay, whereas the old mode was to pull it by hand. It is then spread and dried, being turned in the meantime, lying about ten days, when it is raked up and is ready for the manufacturer.

The flax is then first put through a machine called a brake, consisting of grooved or fluted rollers. By this means the woody part or shive is broken up, and portion of it falls out. It is then put into a scutcher, a machine which whips out, and eliminates most of the woody material from the fibre. Finally it is put through a thin machine called a duster, by which the separating and cleaning process is completed, and the fibre is presented in the condition of this specimen. Its white appearance is the result of a peculiar process of bleaching. It can, of course, be spun into thread, or yarn, and used with wool and cotton in the manufacture of various cloths, as has been successfully demonstrated. The coarser parts of the fibre, or as it may be termed the waste, can be manufactured into twine, bags or paper.

The machines for beating up the flax, can be run at moderate expense by steam, or even horse power, so that they can be used in places remote from motive power. By the use of the first machine alone, a ton of flax is reduced in weight, by riddling it of the shive, to seven hundred pounds, when it can be baled, and thus transported to the manufactory, where the process of preparing it for market is completed by the final cleaning and bleaching.

The operation of the machine can be so regulated that the fibre can be made long or short, and thus fitted for different articles of manufacture. A great advantage is gained over the old mode of dressing flax, by avoiding the slow and tedious process of rotting, and by reducing, at very moderate expense, the fibre to the soft, fine and flexible state of this specimen.

EARLY POTATOES.—The Report of the Supervisory Committee of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, gives the mode of sprouting potatoes for early planting, practiced by Cheever Newhall, Esq., of Dorchester, as follows:—

"He puts them in narrow boxes, on three sides of which strips of board about two inches wide are nailed, with spaces between them of an inch wide. These boxes, holding perhaps a bushel each, are filled with potatoes and then brought within the influence of the heat of the furnace which warms the dwelling—the furnace being in the cellar. Care is taken to bring them into just that temperature which will gradually start the sprouts without withering the tubers, which can be ascertained by carefully watching them from day to day. The object is to have a good, strong, but not very long sprout by the time the ground is ready to plant. From potatoes thus sprouted, Mr. Newhall obtained a yield of 150 bushels per acre in 1862—the whole crop having been sold in July at ninety cents per bushel."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A farmer who was riding on the forward end of a piece of timber that was resting upon what are called "bobs," the hindmost bob, in turning a short curve, threw the timber around in such a manner as to fasten his right foot between the timber and the tongue. This forced him to the ground, where he lay some fifteen minutes. The oxen, being under good subjection, stopped immediately. If the tongue could be lowered three or four inches, he could extricate his foot; at last the idea came, and the right one. He threw one of his mittens in front of the oxen's nose; they dropped their heads to smell, and he relieved in an instant his foot, which only received some slight bruises.

Useful Receipts.

HOW A CANCER WAS CURED.—A piece of sticking plaster was put on a cancer with a circular piece out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and a small circular rim of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, bloodroot and wheat flour was spread on a piece of muslin the size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours. On removing it, the cancer will be found to have been burned and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole; the rim outside of it will appear white and parboiled as if scalded by hot steam. The wound is now dressed and the rim soon separates, the cancer comes out in a hard lump, and the place heals up. The plaster kills the cancer so that it sloughs out like dead flesh and never grows again.

TO STOP MOUSE HOLES.—Take a plug of common hard soap, stop the hole with it, and you may rest assured you will have no further trouble from that quarter. It is equally effectual as regards rats, roaches and ants.

THE HAIR.—To make hair grow on a shining scalp is utterly impossible. But the growth of hair may be promoted on a furzy scalp, because, in that case, the root is not dead, but lacks vigor, lacks nutriment; and new vigor can be imparted, and additional nutriment bestowed by whatever gives activity to the circulation of the blood upon the roots of the hair, and what the following application fails to do in this direction, all others will, simply because it is the most certain, the most powerful and safe hair stimulant known.

Half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides, one ounce of cologne-water, one ounce of rose-water; to be rubbed in with a tooth-brush gently and patiently, till the part is thoroughly wetted and smarts a little; to be repeated night and morning; if too powerful, dilute with water, or use less.

To prevent thin hair and premature baldness, first, keep a clean scalp; second, never wear the hair on a strain, or against the direction of its growth; third, never apply anything to it but soap-suds or pure water; fourth, wear loose-fittings, soft hats; fifth, let children always wear the hair short, and both men and women should brush the hair a great deal, using only a coarse comb, which should touch the scalp only in the slightest manner possible.

REMEDY AGAINST MOTHS.—An ounce of gum camphor and one of the powdered shell of red pepper are macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or clothes are sprinkled over, and rolled up in sheets. Instead of the pepper, bitter apple may be used. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of the Chinese tincture for moths.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 10, 2, 13, 12, 14, 2, is a flower.
My 12, 7, 2, 10, is the name of a metal.
My 1, 4, 7, 6, 2, 14, 13, 12, 2, 6, is an insect.
My 7, 1, 13, 5, is a reverberation.
My 9, 14, 9, 11, is an instrument.
My whole was an important event which took place during the war in India. F. M. C.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 9, 8, 13, 3, 4, 20, 16, 8, is a hero of the present war.
My 20, 22, 21, 13, 8, 10, 3, is what Baron Humboldt devoted himself to.
My 20, 13, 3, 5, 8, 11, 4, 15, is a piece of instruction.
My 12, 3, 6, 11, 15, is what all things are hoping to.
My 14, 7, 13, is an adjective applied to crazy people.
My 13, 1, 4, 8, is what women do when they mend socks.
My 18, 13, 4, 10, 15, is one of the noblest qualities of our nature.
My 17, 19, 8, is what we all like to have at times.
My whole is a large building in Philadelphia. T. R.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 7, 4, 5, is the mystical entrance key to the lover's heaven.
My 3, 2, 6, is that infinitesimal something which never omit if you would gain a printer's blessing.
My 1, is one thousand.
My whole is the crowning virtue of women. *Peru, Indiana.* JESSIE.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Upon the threshing floor I'm found;
Untarnished is my color bright;
For various uses I am ground;
While thousands press me every night.
My two first letters then behead,
And you will find state or condition;
Transpose, my coming all do dread;
None ever envy my position.
Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in road, but not in way.
My 2d is in cart, but not in sleigh.
My 3d is in light, but not in day.
My 4th is in milk, but not in whey.
My 5th is in brick, but not in clay.
My 6th is in toy, but not in play.
My 7th is in balance, but not in weight.
My 8th is in wander, but not in stray.
My whole is a means of transit.
Fowler, O. JAKIE.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The cashier of a certain bank on being asked how much money they had in circulation, replied:—"We have so many paper dollars out that if we divide the sum thereof by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, or 12, we always want one dollar yet to come out even with; but when we divide by 13, then there will be *no remainder.*" How many dollars had they in circulation? I think it must have been a considerable amount.
Selinsgrove, Pa. PERCIVAL JEWETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man engaged to clear a right angled triangular piece of land containing 15 acres. He cleared a strip of 12 rods wide all round it, and then found he had but 2 acres and 64 rods yet to clear. Required—the dimensions of the piece of land? ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Ans.—Because it makes *her hear.*

☞ How many peas are there in a pint? Ans.—One (p.)

☞ What would this world be without woman? Ans.—A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper, not even *ruled!*

☞ If you were to take away the letter S from a certain word, why would it cause grief? Ans.—Because it would make a sweep *weep.*

☞ At what season did Eve eat the apple? Ans.—Early in the fall.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Chloroform. RIDDLE.—Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, by Daniel Diefenbach, published Feb. 21. The distance between B and C is 33 or 123 perches. Either of these distances will satisfy the required conditions. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published Feb. 21. The distance between B and C is 112 perches. R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa., Jakir, Fowler, O., Chas. T. Pearce, Burlington Co., N. J., Correspondent, Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

☞ COURT GOSSIP.—The latest direct advices from Avenue-diedom inform us that Mrs. Squibob is furnishing her new house, and has given orders for a large Bible with a blue cover, "*to correspond with the other furniture.*"